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SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY



TEN CENTS
VOL. 56, NO. 42

JUNE 28
TORONTO, 1941

PUSHING RAPIDLY INTO SYRIA, A POLYGLOT ALLIED FORCE HAD, EARLY THIS WEEK, TAKEN MOST OF ITS OBJECTIVES. AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE FIGHTING AT BEIRUT

Regular readers will remember that in our issue of March 29 Mr. Henry Peterson, an English publicist on international affairs now resident in Canada, predicted that Hitler would attack Russia this spring, and in another article in the following issue developed this theme in a manner which now seems little short of prophetic. We shall publish next week another article by Mr. Peterson in which he makes several additional forecasts concerning the course of the war, some of which are quite as much at variance with the accepted expectations as was that of last March.

The Franceschini Case

THE release of Mr. James Franceschini from internment is to say the least of it somewhat astonishing. It has occurred a few days after the adjournment of Parliament, so that no questions can be put in the House of Commons about it; and questions put anywhere else are not likely to elicit any illuminating answers. It has occurred after he has been held for about a year, in spite of vigorous protests from members of the Ontario Government and other influential persons. It is not suggested anywhere that his political views have changed. It is, however, suggested quite unofficially that his health is so bad that he is not likely to be able to put those political views into effect in the manner in which he was expected to when he was interned. We are evidently supposed to understand from these suggestions that he is no longer dangerous. We have not, of course, the slightest idea ourselves whether he ever was dangerous; Mr. Hepburn and other eminent persons, along with the *Globe and Mail*, have always maintained that he was not, but the R.C.M.P. apparently maintained that he was. Is his release an admission that the R.C.M.P. was wrong?

Or are we to take the unofficial rumors at their face value and assume that a man may be dangerous while in good health and non-dangerous when ill? If so, is the rule of release on grounds of ill-health to be general, or is it to be special to wealthy contractors? How ill does one have to be, and who has to certify how ill one is?

We can understand a certain reluctance on the part of the internment authorities to have an internee, and especially an influential one,

die on their hands. But it seems to us that any direct responsibility for a death could be avoided by means less drastic than the complete release of the internee; he could for instance be placed in the hands of his own medical advisers, in the best hospital in the country, but still be under the guard of the internment authorities. An approach to this method was tried with Mr. Franceschini, by sending him to the military hospital on Christie street, but was abandoned.

Altogether it seems to us that either Mr. Franceschini is a very ill-used man (who should never have been interned), or Canada is a very ill-used country (which should never have Mr. Franceschini released upon it).

Labor and Russia

THE over-simple device of dealing with all labor demands in time of war by describing them as communist-inspired will probably cease

to be useful now that Russia is an enemy of Germany, and British and American (and probably in due course Canadian) supplies will be going forward to help the warriors of Stalin in their fight against the hordes of Hitler. We never did think it was a very good device from the standpoint of the public interest; and in particular the practice of labelling every union in the C.I.O. group as communistic appeared to us likely to lead to errors and misunderstandings which might have lasting evil consequences. It seemed improbable, for example, that a union with which Mr. Henry Ford, however reluctantly, could bring himself to come to terms could possibly be acting under instructions from the Red International; and the fact that all the striking unions have seemed delighted to go back to work upon any terms that they could represent to their members as a victory, when if they were really aiming at sabotage they should have been reluctant to go back to work at all, rather increased our belief that their policies might not

always be deliberately anti-British or anti-American. The communists and fellow-travelers must obviously now become ardent advocates of a maximum war effort by the democracies. If the communists were really responsible for most of the demands of labor in the last few months, this would mean that labor would promptly become much less exigent. But as we have said, we greatly doubt whether communism has been responsible for anything like so much of the current labor unrest as has been suggested. On the other hand there has unquestionably been a considerable section of labor which, while not in any way anxious to overthrow the capitalist system in North America, has had a sentimental sympathy for Russia and an uneasy feeling that there might ultimately be a realignment of the contestants, and Germany might be given a free hand in Russia in exchange for leaving the Atlantic countries undisturbed. In our own mind that possibility ceased to exist after the defeat of France, whatever existence it might have had before; but in the minds of many people it has persisted; it is now abolished. Germany is now irrevocably marked out as the arch enemy of the democracies, the only dangerous enemy, the one enemy who must at all costs be overcome. Russia, however selfish, cowardly or sinister her recent policies, is now our helper and we are her helpers in the struggle. We shall not ever join with Germany in a campaign to destroy her. And to a considerable section of labor, that certainty adds a new incentive to the struggle for victory.

Communism Not Russia

THE government of Russia is admittedly not a Christian government. The government of Italy is, we presume, nominally a Christian government. The government of Japan is admittedly not a Christian government. The government of Germany is not in our opinion particularly Christian. The government of France at Vichy presumably claims to be a Christian government, and will no doubt claim to be engaged in a "Christian" conflict when it aids Italy and Germany, and ultimately Japan, against Russia and Great Britain and ultimately the United States.

We earnestly trust that no part of the population of Canada will be led astray into the
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PEOPLE *make news*



Rt. Hon. Sir Ronald Cross, Bt., former Minister of Shipping in the British Cabinet, now High Commissioner designate to Australia, who was in Montreal last week. He received his baronetcy in the King's birthday Honor list.



Mrs. Cora T. Casselman, who was recently elected as a Liberal member to the House of Commons for Edmonton East, Alberta. Campaigning on a "Win the War" ticket, she takes the seat made vacant by the death of husband, F. C. Casselman.



Heavyweight Champion of the world Joe Louis who last week made his eighteenth successful defence of his title when he knocked out Billy Conn in the 13th round of a 15-round fight. Louis fights Lou Nova in the Fall.



The Commanding Officer of a South African fighter squadron in Abyssinia who was captured by the Italians and released 5 weeks later when the British advanced on Asmara. He led the air assault on Asmara which left not one Italian air field, hangar or plane intact.



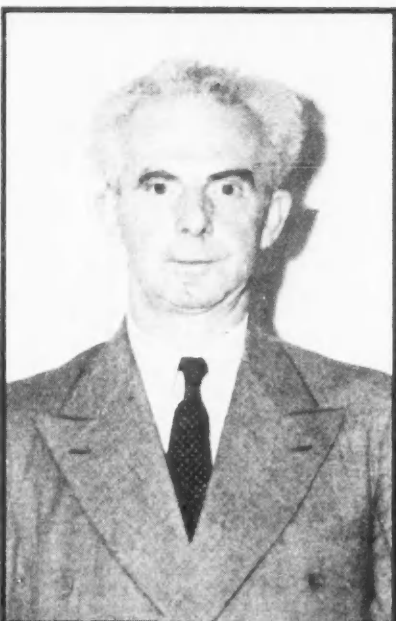
Latest pair of "million dollar" legs to be brought to the public's attention are those belonging to 19-year-old Dorothy Lewis who stars in Republic's forthcoming "Ice-Capades". Publicity releases picture Miss Lewis zooming down a 75-foot toboggan slide at a speed of fifty miles an hour and completing the feat with a double somersault. To protect its investment in Miss Lewis, her studio has asked Lloyd's for a \$1,000,000 leg policy.



Fritz Wiedemann, Nazi Consul in San Francisco and master intriguer, whose Consulate with all other Nazi agencies in the U.S., was closed last week by order of the President. Asked if the order was a jolt he said: "I would say no."



Jacqueline Cochran, American woman flyer, who last week ferried a bomber to England. In London she refused to pose for photographers in slacks, saying: "I may fly bombers but I'm still feminine." She is 32 and married.



Last week, Sir Patrick Dolan, Lord Provost of Glasgow, told the "genuine truth" about Rudolf Hess. Said he: "He (thought) . . . he could remain in Scotland 2 days, discuss peace . . . and return. He is annoyed at being kept prisoner."

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Make Everybody Useful

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

ALBERT SHEA has performed a good service by his article "Blueprint for Demobilization" in your issue of June 14. The experiences of peace time may be as bitter as those of war unless we have the courage to prepare for the homecoming of our boys and the shutdown of war industry.

Planting a lot of men on the land where at present Canadian farmers are already in dire distress will not solve our problem, yet that is about what we can expect of our statesmen judging from past performances.

There is only one way to meet the tremendous crisis which is so inevitably approaching. It is to conscript the entire manhood of the nation for some form of *useful* service, in peace as much as in war. Why tolerate uselessness? Our statesmen deliver great orations calling upon us for equality of sacrifice; some are to lend their money at a better rate of interest and better security than heretofore, others are to give their lives and limbs. I prefer not to comment.

Let us begin to pay people for what they *do*, not for what they happen to have. Why pay Canadian farmers and their wives and children less than a dollar a day, while the descendants of notorious criminals such as Al Capone are entitled to infinite luxury for ever?

New Denver, B.C.

J. C. HARRIS.

Succession duties are rapidly reducing the "infinite luxury" of the heirs of Al Capone and even of those millionaires who acquired their wealth by more legitimate methods. *Editor.*

Poverty or Ignorance?

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I AM gratified to see the admirable article in SATURDAY NIGHT of June 14, entitled "Canada's Faulty Diet Is Adolf Hitler's Ally." There is one correction, however, which I should like to make with respect to the findings of the Toronto Committee on Dietary Studies, to which Mr. McCann refers. He says "They found considerable deficiencies, and discovered that there were two chief reasons for these deficiencies: (a) lack of income, and (b) lack of education in the proper purchasing and preparing of foods. Of the two reasons, the *second is definitely the more important.*" In point of fact, our work is not yet sufficiently advanced to make it possible to decide whether the dietary deficiencies found were due in most cases to lack of income or to lack of education. The study is being continued and we hope soon to publish a complete account, in which this aspect of the subject will be treated as fully as our facts may allow.

HAROLD WASTENEYS, Chairman Toronto Committee on Dietary Studies.

Give Ourselves a Chance

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. DON STAIRS, in your issue of June 14, argues that merely distributing the profits of industry among the people as a whole wouldn't help anyone very much. That's quite true. But who ever said it would?

The great weakness in our "profit and loss" economy is not that profits are too high. It is that they are so often too low—so low that industry finds it impossible to keep on functioning.

Does Mr. Stairs forget the paradox of the Hungry Thirties? There we had a world rich in natural resources, rich in idle manpower, rich in idle plant capacity yet a world horribly poor in actual, usable goods. Why? Because millions of men and women, ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed, were denied any chance of

turning their own labor to the production of the food and clothing and housing they so desperately needed—because a "depression" had stolen away profits, and without profit industry just couldn't operate.

That depression was no Act of God. It was the natural by-product of an out-worn, ineffective economic system.

Just now business is better. We needs have created an insatiable market for goods of all kinds. But the stimulation is artificial. Once the war is over, we'll be back in the same old vicious circle. Unemployment rampant—so business is poor—so factories close—so unemployment is worse—so business is poorer—so more factories close! We all saw it happen once. That's why we say, *never again!*

That is why Socialists urge the development of a new economy—a system in which production will be geared to the actual needs and desires of the whole people, rather than the possibility of profits for a few. It is *control* of industry, rather than profit, that must be expropriated. Big business always answers that by saying that the people are too dumb to run their own industries. But big business has made a bad enough mess of it. Let's give ourselves a chance.

Toronto, Ont.

CHARLES LEWIS.

Conscription

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. MACGILLIVRAY'S bitter letter (June 7) may have given relief to pent-up feelings and stirred up the same feelings in others who refrain from giving expression to them. One has only to read the casualty lists to realize how much truth there is in his words. English-Canadian names are out of all proportion to those of other races in Canada.

But to call the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT an "appeaser" because he suggested that the greater part of Canada should get on with the job of winning the war and let Quebec work out its own problems is unjust and unkind to a loyal and devoted Canadian.

Mr. MacGillivray offers no solution to our difficulties at all. He would merely play into the hands of the fascist minority in Quebec, and offend and embarrass those French-Canadians who have just as fine a concept of patriotism as we have.

The writer is not an "appeaser" yet believes in conscription with or without Quebec.

Toronto, Ont.

A. Y. JACKSON.

SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

belief that devotion to Christianity requires the supporting of Germany and Italy and Japan because they happen to be opposed to non-Christian Russia. Even Herr Hitler, who has never allowed himself to be restrained by truth where there was support to be gained by lying, has not given the faintest suggestion that he is making war upon Russia because Russia is not Christian, or even because Russia is not capitalistic. He is making war upon Russia, according to his own account, because Russia was preparing to resist the establishment of the New Order in Europe. Since that New Order involves the enslavement, political and economic, of every country that comes under it, the resistance of Russia is hardly surprising; but the real reason for Hitler's attack is, of course, the fact that he needs food and oil which he cannot readily get anywhere else.

The Communists on this continent who for the past eighteen months have been busy doing all they could to obstruct everything that contributed to the Redslayer against Hitler are now executing another volte-face and will in another week or two be among our most ardent militarists. They are no more to be trusted than before, since if Russia were defeated and had to make terms with Hitler they would probably become just as pro-German as they were last month. Unless Hitler abolished Communism in Russia, in which case we do not know what they would do. But if we can have the benefit of their co-operation in the meantime let us take it and be thankful—and watchful. And if we can have the benefit of the co-operation of the Russian government, let us take that also. And let us not forget, especially if we lay claim to the Christian virtues, that the Russian people, themselves in the vast majority harmless, pious and idealistic, have been subjected to an unprovoked attack by a nation which ever since it became once more strong enough to attack anybody has not ceased to exert its brutality, first upon its own helpless Jews, then upon Austria, then upon Poland and then upon every country which successfully came within reach of its talons. It is the Russian people, and not the Communist International whom Hitler is fighting and whom we should be aiding.

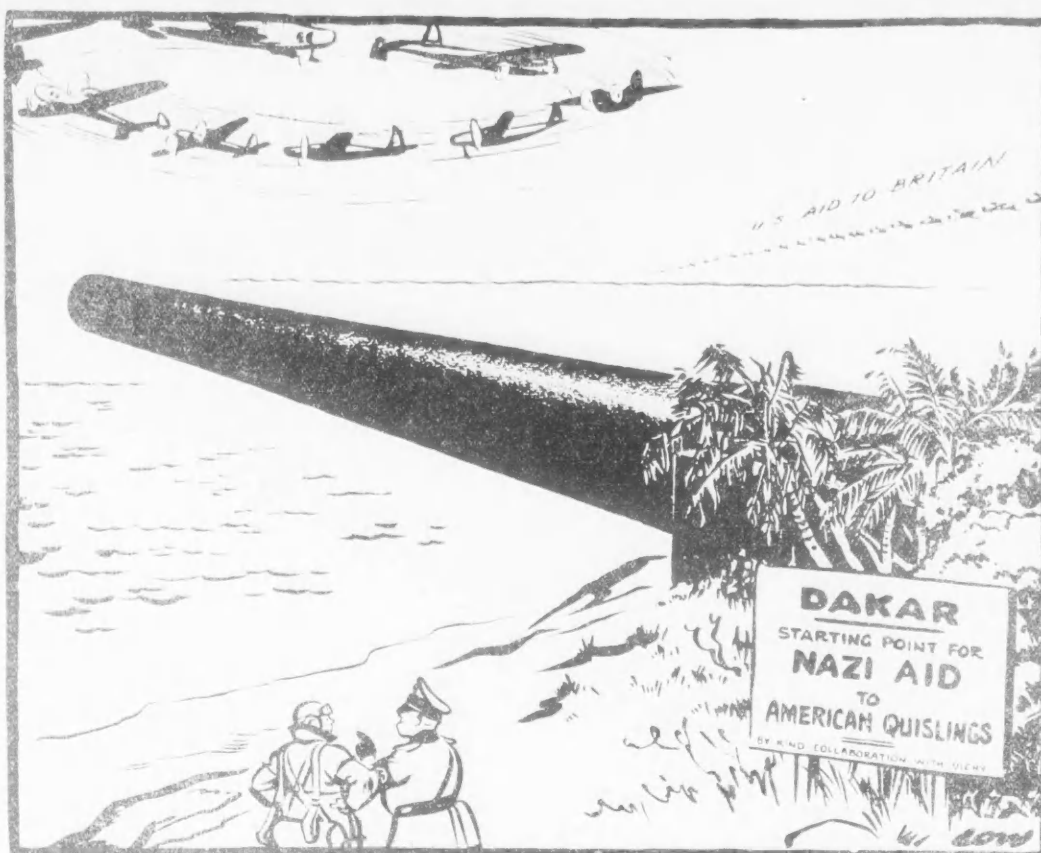
The London Charivari

IN JULY of this year Punch will be admitted to the honorable order of centenarians, and his multitudinous adherents will rejoice that this friend of all who love beautiful writing and pure humor shows not a trace of old age or senility. Judging from the recent appearances of Punch we may conclude that the years have dealt kindly with him, and have only added to his stature and influence. Never was he more gay, more witty, more skilled in art, more convincing in jest, more comforting in time of trouble. In his case laughter has fulfilled its mission of injuring perpetual youth. SATURDAY NIGHT joins the great throng of those who acknowledge with thanks the amount of pure pleasure which Punch has brought into so many lives.

Laurier and Conscription

IT IS of some importance in this present juncture of the world's history to recall what was the attitude, and what were the reasons for the attitude, of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in regard to conscription in 1917. The information on this subject is quite fully set out in the biography of Laurier by the late O. D. Skelton. Sir Wilfrid's attitude was based on three reasons. Of these reasons, only one, we believe, he regarded as valid in the present circumstances.

The first reason was that conscription was unnecessary. "He did not believe that conscription would bring any substantially greater number of men than a vigorous voluntary appeal; the falling off in enlistment was not due to the inherent defects of the voluntary method, but to the simple fact that the country was reaching its limit, that there was no longer any real great reservoir of available men." It cannot be said that that is the case today.



OPPOSITION "AID" MOVEMENT

The second reason was that Canada's interest in the war was secondary and not primary. This reason was cited for the purpose of distinguishing the case of Canada from that of Great Britain and the United States, in both of which conscription was in effect. These countries, Sir Wilfrid held according to Dr. Skelton, "had entered the war as principals; it would undermine the whole basis of the empire, destroy the whole spirit of free and friendly aid and sympathy, if compulsion were resorted to in a country which had gone in, not for its own sake, but for Britain's." We do not think this argument will be employed in the year 1941 by either Mr. King or any of his followers. If Canada did not enter this war "as a principal" she will never enter any war as a principal.

The third of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's reasons was that of racial division. "Britain and the United States were not divided historically into distinct and compact racial groups, except as to Ireland, and no English statesman had attempted to apply compulsion to Ireland, whereas in Canada this division was the most fundamental and enduring fact in political life." This consideration is still valid, but the jump from admitting its validity to admitting the impossibility of conscription is a long one. The proposal put forward in these columns a few weeks ago, for local option for the province of Quebec in regard to the application of conscription, was intended to meet the objections which arise out of this racial division. It was intended to allow the racial minority to legislate for itself in the matter of compulsory service in the same way as the racial majority. It is our very confident belief that in this war the racial minority would eventually, and probably quite rapidly, adopt the same policy as the majority, if placed in a situation where it could not regard that policy as forced upon it by majority action. But in any event it is of the highest interest to note that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's three main reasons, two are no longer applicable in the present situation.

There is interest also in a remark made by Laurier in a great recruiting speech in the Monument National in Montreal in 1916, before conscription was proposed: "I am not of opinion that if Germany were to triumph in this war we should pass under Germanic

domination at once . . . but it would mean a prolongation, a recrudescence of the militarism that now is devastating Europe." The triumph of Germany today would mean a great deal more than a prolongation of militarism. It might well, indeed, mean the end of militarism, so far as that involves the idea of rivalry in military power between Germany and any other nation or group of nations. But it would mean the very speedy establishment of "Germanic domination" not only of the economic but also of the political life, not only of the trade but also of the institutions, of every country in the world, Canada included.

These Blackouts

SEVERAL Canadian cities have now had experience of what may be called a laboratory test of the kind of blackout that has to be imposed upon any community which is in reach of attack by air or by sea. There appears to be an idea abroad that because these laboratory blackouts were fairly successful, the same success could be achieved in circumstances of actual warfare. It is important, therefore, to note that whereas in actual warfare a great many of the processes of community life have to be carried on continuously in spite of enemy attacks and complete darkness, in the laboratory blackout community life is completely suspended from the beginning to the end of the darkened period.

The difference is incalculable. With the exception of the hospitals and even they suspended all activities which could possibly be suspended—nothing whatsoever went on in Toronto during last week's blackout. All vehicular movement, practically all pedestrian movement, was suspended. Motorists stopped where they were and shut off their lights; it is possible to do that for fifteen minutes, but it would not be possible to do that for an entire night-time, especially in the middle of winter when the nights in this latitude are fairly long.

It will therefore be extremely risky to draw any extensive conclusions from these experimental performances, as to the readiness of Canadian cities, and Canadian citizens, to deal with the kind of conditions that are imposed upon a beleaguered city by a real blackout.

WORLD WITHOUT END

DAWN breaks once more upon the misty meadows;
Each is a new day, gemm'd with laughing tears;
Rising from sleep, it merges with my dreaming,
Dreams that are changeless through the changing years,
Lays its star that swings between the dawn and sunset,
Herald of day and usher of the night,
Gone, there undim'd, a peerless orb eternal,
Turning us ever to the Lord of Light.

When like a flower amid the starry meadows,
Earth was full-blown and Beauty's reign began,
Man stood erect, the lower creatures spurning,
Fronted the morn and knew himself a Man.

When on the soul the dawn of hope is breaking,
After the night of sorrow, bathed in dew,
Upright we stand and greet the Star of Morning,
"Take to the Everlasting Way anew."

Toronto, Ont.

J. LEWIS MILLIGAN.

THE PASSING SHOW

A MOSCOW correspondent reports that the Russian army is in a constant state of preparedness. We may find out before long whether or not the Russian steam-roller is cardboard painted to look like iron.

Painters have put unusually low prices on their pictures at this year's Royal Academy Exhibition in London, because of the chance of their being bombed. The presence of all those oils would of course make it a military target to the Nazis.

The British financier Sir Victor Sassoon told Hollywood last week that Britain should become a state in the American union. But there are some British who would prefer the United States to become an English shire.

LINES TO A BLOODTHIRSTY GUTTERSNIPE

"The war," says Winston Churchill,
Across the atmosphere,
"Seems now to reach—
(I quote his speech)
Its fourth Great Climacteric."
That pricked our ears up, Adolph,
Historic hope is rife;
Napoleon died at fifty-two—
He made a bid for Moscow, true,
And Adolph, can this be for you
Your last Great Change of Stifle?

A New York parole board has refused to grant parole to Fritz Kuhn. That board seems to have learned something about Fuehrers.

A California psychiatrist avers that at least 52% of Americans "range from mildly neurotic to insane." The man is obviously a Republican.

A Japanese spokesman says that "Japanese honor" would require Japan to intervene if the United States entered the war. We are all familiar with that Japanese idealism which likes nothing so much as to sit and contemplate its naval development.

The official Russian news agency persists in not saying anything. But it is only natural that it should be Tassiturn.

English soldiers are not allowed to carry around bottles of beer and spirits, says an officer. No doubt they can be trusted, however, to think of the only reasonable alternative.

The Nazis blame their bombing of Dublin on the wind. Could it be the wind they want the Irish to get up?

A Moslem draftee in New Jersey has refused to shave off his beard, and says that the order to do so is "unconstitutional." We hope he will resist this barefaced attempt to get his goat.

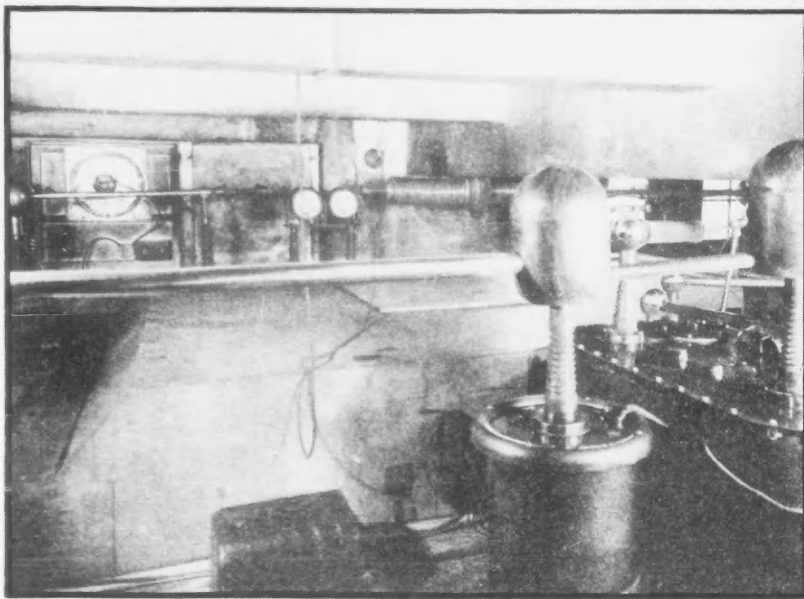
APOSTROPHE TO THE INVENTOR OF THE ELECTRIC FAN

The electric fan
Is a boon to man;
I take off my hat
To the Genius that
Conceived or begot it
Had cunning to plot it
More cooling, more calm,
Than leaf of the palm,
More kind to a fella
Than papal flabella;
Oh, I could go on so
From daylight till dawn, so
I'll stop in my tracks,
Draw breath and relax,
And bless the Mechanic,
Ye, the Man of the Fan.

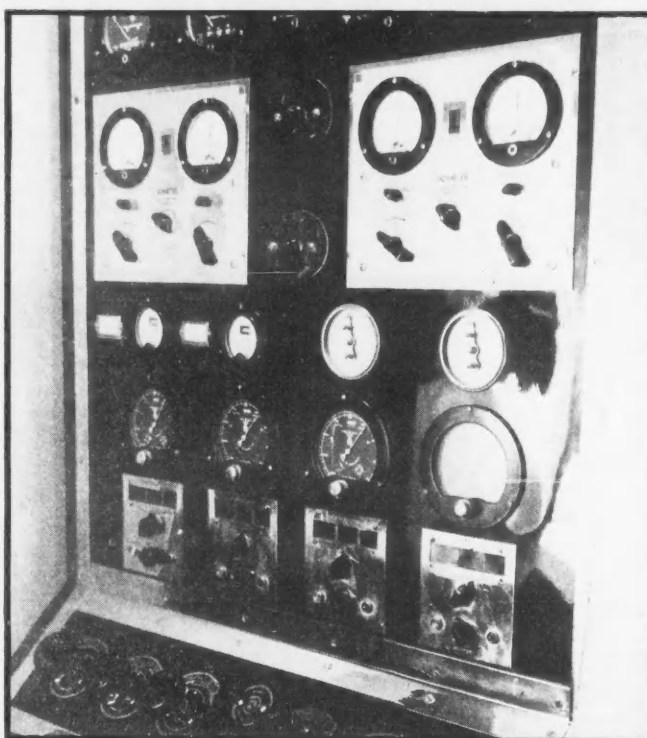
A black cocker spaniel in Delaware has retrieved more than five hundred golf balls this year. He is rumored to have a dash of Scottie blood in his veins.

Now that the German consuls have been expelled from the United States, Hitler soon won't have any supporters there but Lindbergh, Wheeler and Nye.

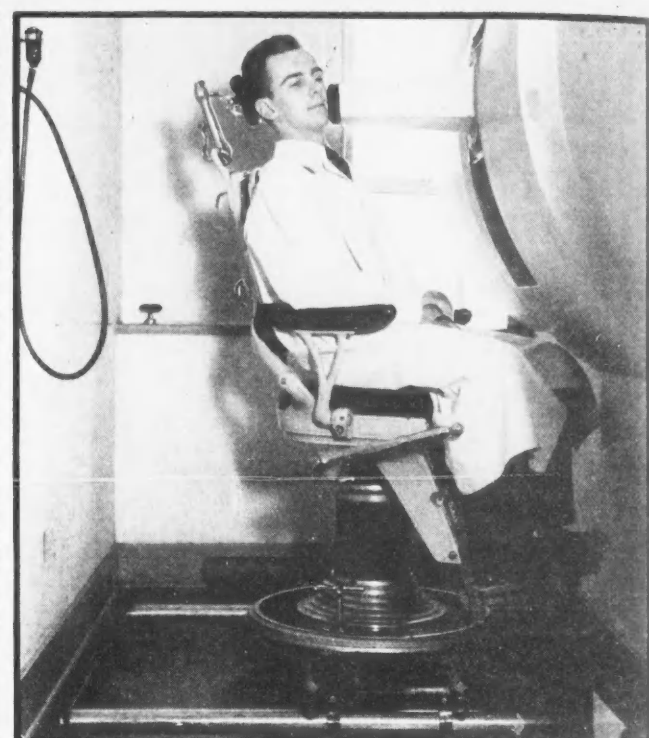
Cancer Is Cured By X-Ray, Radium Treatments



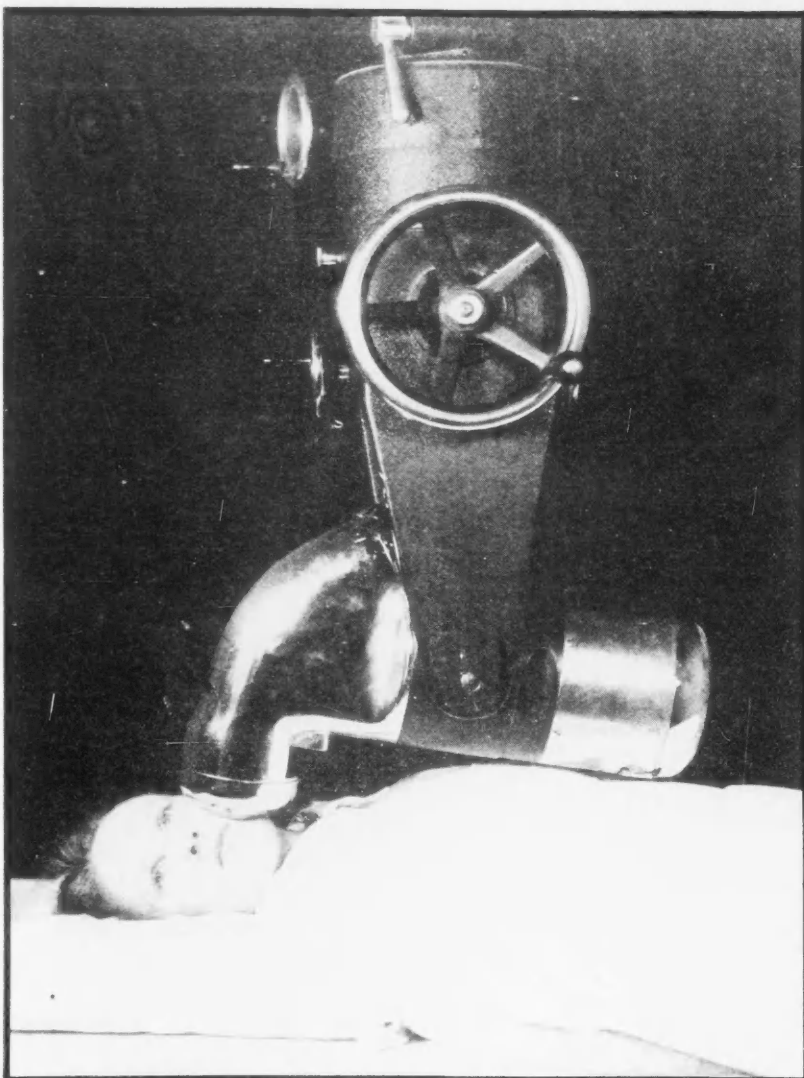
The transformers which step up the electrical current from 220 volts to 400,000 volts, at which voltage it passes through the X-ray tube.



Control panel of the 400,000-volt X-ray machine. It must be watched constantly while patient is treated.



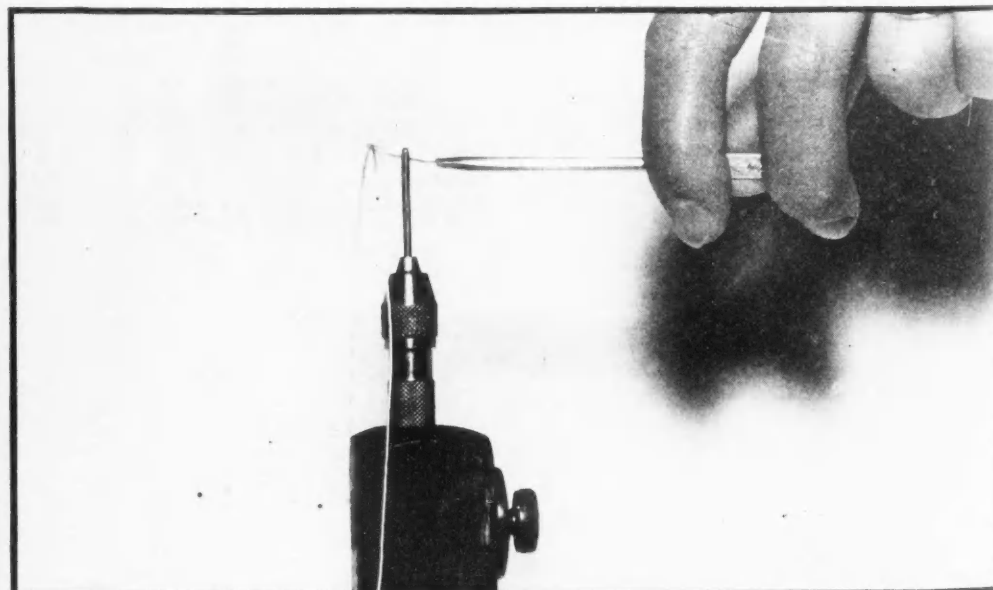
A patient in position for X-ray treatment of cancer of the tongue which is treated right through cheek.



Patient being treated for cancer of the cheek under radium "bomb" which, made at Toronto General Hospital, contains 4 grams radium



The clinic room at the Toronto General Hospital with X-ray negatives mounted in front of a 12-foot illuminator. Each negative represents a problem for study by medical students.



Threading a radium needle. Wire loop put through needle's eye saves nurse handling radium. Radium centre nurses are rotated every 3 months, then switched for a year.

"PLEASE God make cancer in its early stages painful!" is the fervent prayer of the cancer specialist.

For cancer in its primary stages is not painful; it is a dread "silent" disease which, even in the bowel and intestine, often causes no pain until it creates an obstruction.

In its later stages, cancer is extremely painful and the efforts of the doctor are mainly directed toward relieving the patient's suffering. Sometimes in advanced stages the nerves of sensation are cut as the only remaining means of deadening pain, for morphine, after repeated heavy doses, loses its power to deaden feeling.

The nerve centre in the fight against cancer in Canada is the Ontario Institute of Radiotherapy in Toronto's General Hospital on University Avenue. The Toronto centre is smaller than New York's Memorial Hospital, where there are 30,000 cancer patients in the outpatients' wards, and smaller than the Buffalo Institute. But in this work the Toronto General Hospital compares favorably with other centres on the continent.

Definite Contributions

In this big hospital which faces the Provincial Government buildings across Queen's Park, very definite contributions to the treatment of cancer of the mouth and breast and uterus have been made. And the method of treating cancer of the tongue as it has been developed in Toronto far surpasses that used elsewhere.

BY WESSELY HICKS

Photographs on Page 4 by "Jay"

The radiology department at the Toronto General Hospital was subsidized by the Provincial Government in 1933 when it bought the building in which it operates and remodelled it at a cost of \$400,000. Approximately fifty per cent of the patients who come to the centre receive treatment and are followed for years without making payment for the service.

Medical science is hampered in its fight against cancer by the "sleeping" characteristics of the disease in its early stages; often it has reached a secondary stage before it attracts attention. Hampering, too, is the great fear of most people to be told they have cancer. Even after the victim knows why he is suffering, he is inclined to do nothing about it; for there persists in his mind the mistaken belief that cancer cannot be cured. To-day it cannot be over-emphasized that certain types of cancer can be cured and others can be treated successfully if they are caught in time.

In the final analysis, cure of the cancer patient rests in his own hands: he must present himself for treatment early; he must patiently undergo a long course of treatment and submit to careful observation, perhaps for years. Finally, he may be obliged to give up certain cherished habits such as smoking or chewing tobacco. Many patients find it impossible to abandon habits on which they have lavished a decade or

so of devotion. The result is that over a period of years they present themselves repeatedly for treatment of outbreaks in the same area.

A man with a cancer is like a man whose house is on fire: his success in combating it depends upon the promptness of his action and his determination to overcome the outbreak. If he starts with the conviction the fire cannot be controlled, it will not be.

For, while the disease sometimes cannot be diagnosed in its very earliest stages, it can usually be caught in one of the primary stages when the doctor has a fighting chance against it. The great tragedy of cancer of the stomach is that 80 per cent of the cases are already hopeless by the time the diagnosis is made.

Potentially Lethal

The smallest cancer is serious; potentially lethal. For a cancer is a cancer and it will grow. Refusing to admit this fact will have no effect upon the cancer.

The actual cause of cancer is not known; it may be attributed to any one of a number of agents. For instance, cancer of the lip and the roof of the mouth is prevalent among pipe smokers. It is known that tar contains cancer-producing agents. And chimney sweeps in England are frequent cancer victims.

The recent increase in lung cancer has led to the speculation that civilized people may be breathing cancer-producing irritants; the disease is particularly prevalent among urban

nts

Cancer Cases Which Responded to Treatment



A slow cancer of the hand which had been developing for a year when it was brought to the doctor's attention.



The same hand after radium treatment. The cancer has destroyed hair, oil glands and sweat glands on the hand.



Cancer on antihelix of the ear with precancerous roughness easily apparent on the rim of the ear.



The same ear after radium treatment. Precancerous condition was cured in 1 hour; other in 4-5 hours.

ites. And it is believed that there is some association between irritation and cancer, for it occurs in parts of the body which are subject to heavy "traffic": the mouth, the bowel, the intestine, the uterus.

The fact that cancer cannot be attributed to any one cause, but to a multiplicity of causes, adds to the difficulty in fighting it.

No less confusing is the way the disease spreads: in some patients it travels like wild fire; in others, it is a slow, leaden-footed disease. Here, then, there may be some connection between the spread of cancer and the "soil" in which it is growing.

The Roll Call

So far as the Toronto General Hospital is concerned, the commonest type of cancer according to the annual report for 1939, recently published, is cancer of the skin; in the past 6 years, 1,400 such cases have been treated. Next comes cancer of the breast with 1,100 cases treated; then cancer of the lip and mouth with 900 cases treated; and finally, cancer of the uterus with 700 cases treated.

In the report from which the above is quoted there is also some indication of the fact that progress is being made in the treatment of cancer. In cancer of the uterus the results at present being secured are approximately 40% better than 10 years ago. In cancer of the tongue and mouth there has been an improvement of about 25% and a higher percentage still in cancer of the lips and skin. Even though this

improvement may not be spectacular, it is an encouraging indication that gradual headway is being made in the fight against the disease.

At the Toronto General Hospital a radium "bomb" containing 4 grams of radium is used to apply a large quantity of radium to the diseased part of the body. Such an application is known as teleradiumtherapy, or radium used for treatment at a distance.

Both X-ray and radium are the same physical agent; both are electro-magnetic rays which differ only in wave length, with radium much the shorter. Both have the little-understood power of relieving pain caused by cancer. In many instances they are used as palliatives. When, in addition to relief from pain, the rate of development of the disease is slowed down, then the treatment is worth while. Not so much benefit is derived, however, if the disease is stalled but there is no relief from pain.

Whether radium or X-ray is used in any particular case is a matter of individual judgment or choice. In very few instances is just one agent used; more often it is a combination of the two.

In the use of radium in treating cancer, there is a margin of safety in which the diseased tissue can be treated without damaging the healthy tissue. Sometimes the healthy tissue is so sensitive that this margin is very slight. Sometimes, faced with a rapidly-growing cancer in its advanced stages, a doctor is forced to use radical treat-

ment to check it. Then the patient may be "burned." But these burns are seldom fatal. It is the disease which is fatal. And in many instances such drastic measures have been rewarded by success in apparently hopeless cases.

When a cancerous area on the surface of the skin is healed by the use of radium, a soft scar is left. The scar remains after the cure because the cancer has altered the tissue which heals so that the skin looks like a vaccination mark; thin, white and shiny.

Fight Being Won

For treatment, cancers are divided into the region of the body in which they occur and the stage they are in when brought to the doctor's attention. The doctor can then make a reasonably accurate prognosis. For instance: in cancer of the tongue, 90 per cent of the cases presented for treatment in their primary stages have been cured; 80 per cent of the cases in the second stage have been cured; 60 per cent of the cases in the third stage; and in the final stages, only 4 per cent.

So in a big, quiet, sand brick building on University Avenue in Toronto work doctors, several of whom have devoted their lives to the study of cancer and the use of radium in curing it. With sturdy patience they are striving to explode the fallacy that the cancer victim is doomed. Cancer can be cured, they maintain. All they ask is that the sufferer present himself for treatment before the disease has too big a start.



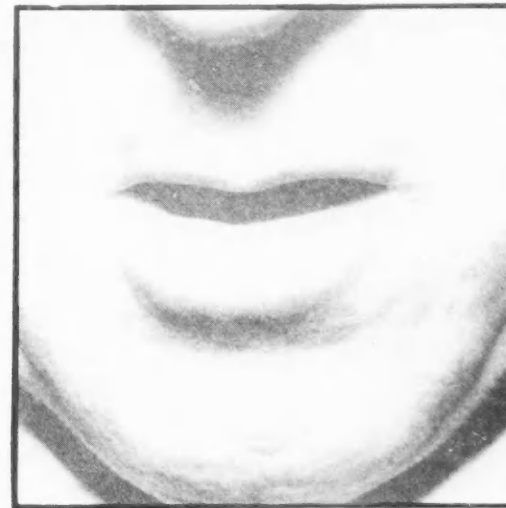
Early cancer on lower eyelid, which was cured with radium needles in 3-4 hours.



The cured eyelid. Notice how the cancer has eaten away lower rim of the eyelid.



An early cancer on the lower lip. This is the so-called pipe smoker's cancer.



Same lip after a 4-hour treatment. Patient is now under periodic observation.

Germany Invaded Ukraine Before—But Lost War

BY RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

ON FEBRUARY 19, 1918, the German soldiery occupied the city of Lutsk and initiated its march toward Kiev, historic capital of the Ukraine. The German army held full sway on the Eastern front. The Russian soldiers, weary and tired of the war, were deserting by the tens of thousands. There was no fight in them. In Moscow the new Soviet Government ruled. It was faced with the problem of either signing an ignominious peace or continuing what was certain to prove a fruitless resistance against the Germans. The new revolutionary regime could not survive unless it had a breathing spell.

Lenin decided to yield. On March 3 the Russian Government signed the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. It appeared to mark the complete victory of Germany in the East. Under the conditions of the Treaty the Soviets were forced to yield to Germany and Austria-Hungary Poland, Lithuania, Courland, Livonia, Estonia and the Islands of the Moon Sound. To Turkey they had to cede Ardahan, Kars and Batumi. They were also forced to recognize the independence

On February 18, 1918, the conceited German High Command sent nearly 1,000,000 soldiers into the rich grain areas of the Ukraine to obtain food for the blockaded and hungry Germans and Austrians.

There were no difficulties in sight. The Russians were weak, disarmed and demoralized. Yet by the end of the year the Germans were hardly able to escape with their lives. The Russian and Ukrainian workers and peasants destroyed the Germans' morale and wrecked their military power.

History may yet repeat itself.

of Finland, the Ukraine and Georgia and to pay Germany 6,000,000,000 marks in reparations.

Three weeks prior to the signature of the Treaty the anti-Soviet Ukrainian Government signed a treaty with the representatives of the Central Powers paving the way for "the exchange of German military assistance against the Bolsheviks for foodstuffs" to blockaded and hungry Germany and Austria.

The massed German hordes quickly moved into the Ukraine crushing in

their path the newly-organized and weak Ukrainian Soviet regime. The country was disorganized. There was no unified army; separate governments ruled in the regions. On March 3, 1918, the Germans occupied Kiev, on March 29, Poltava, on April 8 Kharkov, on April 13, Odessa.

Despite vigorous resistance by peasant guerilla troops, the invaders had their way. Altogether the Central Powers poured nearly a million troops into the Ukraine, of which more than 600,000 were German.



Ex-Russian Premier Molotov, left, chats with Adolf Hitler and U.S.S.R. Ambassador Schlusberg in Berlin on the occasion of the signing of the mutual aid pact between Russia and Germany. Early this week, all pacts forgotten, Hitler hurled his armies at Russia along a 1,500-mile front.

An everyday custom that gave new meaning to a minute

The minute is a fairly recent invention in the history of time. Earlier men had only tides, sun and stars for clocks. Today, time is a matter of minutes. And since time is what life is made of, minutes have become more important. A famous beverage has made it possible for you to make any minute, even an idle one, do something pleasant for you in your daily life.



Once an idle minute was only a minute...until "Coca-Cola" put it to work for you. A pause for ice-cold "Coca-Cola" became the pause that refreshes—that little minute long enough for a big rest. The custom fitted the tempo of the day, swept into everyday life. More and more people found that this drink did them a happy and unique service in refreshing them pleasantly.

The growth of this pleasant custom has done some amazing things. It built an industry of which few people were aware until recently. Of course, millions were enjoying "Coca-Cola," but few thought of what was behind it... the constant adherence to an unvarying standard of quality, the years of wisely-guided

growth, the steady and inexorable spread of a thing that combined a product, a custom, and an institution.

This surely must mean that people find in "Coca-Cola" an honestly made product of intrinsic quality... a drink that performs a pleasant everyday service to millions in every walk of life.



Enjoy The Pause that Refreshes with ice-cold "Coca-Cola"



THE BOTTLE FOR "COCA-COLA"

At one time "Coca-Cola" was available only at soda fountains. The development of the bottle for "Coca-Cola" made it possible for people also to enjoy delicious refreshment wherever they might be. Thus, by means of this bottle "Coca-Cola" was able to achieve vastly greater distribution... bringing refreshment within reach of everyone.

Some of these were later recalled to the Western Front; in fact during the whole period of occupation there was a continuous process of transfer and shifting of troops.

On reaching Kiev, the Germans organized full control over administrative power. All authority was vested in the hands of the German Commander Field Marshal Eichenhorn. To Kiev also was sent General Groener, recognized at the time as one of the coldest butchers of subject populations, and his aide of like fame, one Meissner who later turned up in Hitler's entourage.

On consolidating control, the Germans continued to advance eastward. The province of Volyn was occupied by the 22nd Reserve Corps; the 27th Corps remained in Kiev; the 41st occupied Chernigov; the 29th Army, Poltava; the 1st Army Corps, Kharkov. In May the 215th Infantry and the 2nd Cavalry Division were sent into the Donetz coal basin. The 212th Division occupied Melitopol and the Northern part of Tauris while the 15th Landwehr Division occupied Crimea and Sevastopol.

Puppet Government

With them the Germans brought to Kiev the Rada nationalist government which had been expelled by the Bolsheviks. In effect this became the Nazi puppet regime. Wrote General Hoffman about the Rada: "The difficulty in the Ukraine is that the Central Rada has only one rifle behind it. The moment we withdraw our troops their authority will collapse at once."

"The Rada" was a group of political dreamers whose power was derived from the presence of German bayonets," another impartial observer wrote.

As soon as the Germans occupied a large enough territory they proceeded to attempt to collect the grain which was promised them in a protocol signed between the invaders and the Rada under which the latter undertook to supply the Central Powers with 1,000,000 tons of grain, 400,000,000 eggs, 36,000 tons of cattle, horses, coal, manganese, fodder, land, sugar, etc.

However, events proved that plans were easier to make than food collections.

History warns us as to what to expect now in Field Marshal Eichenhorn's own words: "The whole trouble is that we have to treat the Ukraine as a friendly country." Now, of course, the Germans have no such need. But by the end of March instead of the promised 300 trainloads of grain only one train left for Vienna and one for Budapest.

The peasants were refusing to surrender their products. And they had power to do so. During the preceding year they had seized the large landed estates, divided the lands and the cattle, provided the returned soldiers and the poor with property for the first time in their lives. As



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soon as the Germans appeared the grain and the cattle were hidden or destroyed. As the result the Germans only got during the whole occupation 9,293 car loads of grain, 23,195 car loads of fodder, sugar, cattle, eggs and only 4,567 car loads of assorted minerals.

Danger of Collapse

The whole German plan was in danger of full collapse. Then Marshal Eichhorn issued an order requiring the population to "resume agricultural production to the maximum extent". To achieve this, the land was returned, in most cases, to the landowners. Persons guilty of disobedience were summarily shot. The Ukrainian Rada was not even told of this order since it had some elements who were opposed to the full domination of the Germans.

No sooner did the order appear than riots broke out, especially in the provinces of Kiev and Poltava. On April 24 the Germans got rid of the Rada, which was not dealing or could not deal effectively with the malcontents, and instead appointed to "leadership" General Paul Skoropadsky, a member of one of the wealthiest landowning families. Ludendorff approved this choice of a "man with whom one can work well". Skoropadsky, incidentally, is certain to be used to head the Ukrainian puppet regime Hitler plans to set up in the Ukraine if and when he overruns it. The Rada, caught unaware, declared Eichhorn's orders to be illegal. Two days later the Rada was smashed by German soldiers and Skoropadsky was proclaimed "Hetman of the Ukraine". He ruled for seven and a half months.

For a while the Germans felt that they had succeeded. Ukrainian bread and eggs began to appear in Berlin and Vienna. In June things looked so good that refugees from Soviet areas streamed to German-occupied Kiev. But as the summer advanced the situation changed. The German and Austro-Hungarian troops were weary of the war. The revolutionary Russians and Ukrainians fraternized with the tired and demoralized Germans and Austrians. Following defeats in the West a mutinous spirit spread among them and in October an open revolt broke out among the German troops in Kharkov who refused to be transferred to the Western Front.

Demoralization

Here is how an official German source describes the growing demoralization of the invading troops. "Illegal commerce and speculation flourished, and it was exceedingly dif-

ficult for the military authorities to prevent this on account of the troops being scattered over a vast territory and on account of the necessity of maintaining innumerable small posts. The conduct of isolated German detachments destroyed the prestige of the occupation troops in the eyes of the local population. Even the authorized trading, the object of which was the dispatch of parcels of food to their homes, brought the soldiers into undesirable contact with the population—especially with the Jews who had most of this commerce in their hands. Jews were frequently the transmitters of Bolshevik propaganda."

In April peasant uprising flared in Kiev and Poltava in response to

German expeditions in search of food supplies. Every such expedition resulted in wholesale slaughter of peaceful peasants. Among the peasantry there were many soldiers who had deserted the army taking with them rifles and ammunition. Guerrilla fighting spread everywhere. In two months the whole peasant population hated the Germans as much as their tool Skoropadsky. Attacks on German detachments grew apace. German soldiers disappeared without trace. Trains were wrecked. Supplies were burned. Angry at local inhabitants at first, the German soldiers turned their ire at their commanding officers. On July 30 a Ukrainian terrorist assassinated Field Marshal Eichhorn. His suc-

cessor continued to practise the regime of violence.

By October an irresistible movement for return home spread among the soldiers, fanned by a constant stream of Communist propaganda. Disorderly crowds of soldiers abandoned their units and moved westward selling their arms for food to peasants. A regiment of Italian soldiers mutinied and arrested its whole staff. Austrian troops who had revolted were driven out of Odessa by the Germans.

On November 9, Emperor William abdicated. The German command in the Ukraine began to think of evacuation. But it was too late. The Red Army and Red Guards held many railway stations and partisan troops

were operating everywhere. On November 20 riots broke out in Kiev against the hated pro-German regime. Every German soldier had only one thought: How to get home, home! The German command began to recall its troops as snow fell and winter set in. On November 9, Lenin denounced the Treaty of Brest Litovsk. Soviets were set up in every city evacuated by the Germans. Finally after occupying Kharkov the Soviet Authorities permitted the Germans to depart in a roundabout way. German soldiers were meanwhile inundated with Communist propaganda and bore it home to create still further revolutionary spirit.

The adventure was over. Germany paid dearly for its invasion.

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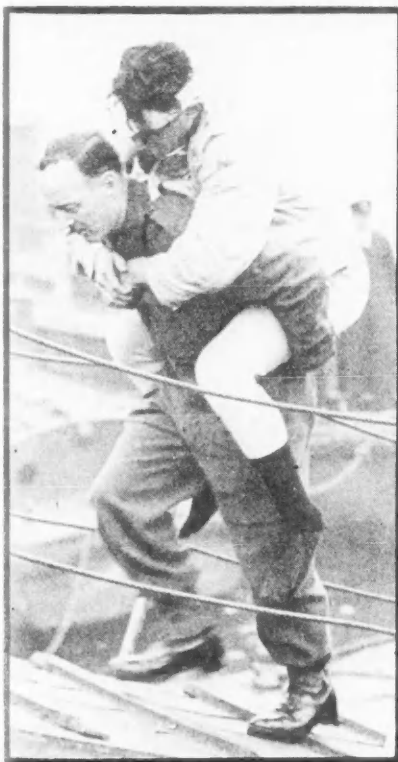


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RECENTLY there has been a recrudescence of Nazi warnings to Switzerland regarding the "unfavorable" tone of her press. These "warnings" have from time to time been given and, needless to say, they are given with a purpose. Their object is to bend the offending country towards the wishes of the German Government.

On more than one occasion when Germany has issued her warnings to Switzerland there has been considerable alarm among the Swiss who still keep their armed forces on a more or less permanent war footing. Not that the Swiss, being intelligent people, have any illusions about their fate if the Nazis really decided to use force against them. They know that if Hitler was to give the word all their cities could be razed to the ground within a few hours. There is,

Switzerland In The War

BY NILS BERGEN

in fact, no Swiss city which is not within ten minutes flying time of a German aerodrome.

The Swiss have a fairly good anti-aircraft organization quite a number of these Swiss guns are in use in the British Navy, but their fighting air force is small, and it is obvious now that the Nazi bombers can only be effectively combatted by a powerful fighter force. They know also that there is little chance of their being able to get outside help in time.

Not that the Swiss would ever submit themselves to the Nazis without opposition. They are far too fine and independent a race for such humiliation. They know also that although

in a military sense they could not offer any serious opposition to a Nazi invasion, yet they could cause certain damage which might well make the Germans think twice before attacking them.

Could Destroy Tunnels

The serious damage that the Swiss could do would be to blow up the three tunnel communications that lead through from the north to Italy. This might well have the most damaging effect on the Nazi war machine which is at present operating in oc-

cupied Italy and Libya. At present the only rail connection which is under German control is that through the Brenner Pass, and north of this, despite great efforts by the Germans, the line cannot be made suitable to take the very heavy loads which are required.

Thus even now the Swiss railways have to carry a great deal of the traffic running through to Italy. Officially this traffic does not consist of war materials—that would be contrary to Switzerland's neutrality—but, in these days of total war, it is very hard to differentiate between what is war material and what is not. It might well be claimed that food

The one country left in Europe which is not under Nazi control is Switzerland. Why should this be so?

Mr. Bergen explains how Germany benefits by the continued independence of Switzerland and tells of the problems which might arise if the Swiss were attacked.

And finally, Switzerland may some day be the only place in Europe where the Nazi leaders can take refuge.

and coal are war materials as far as Italy is concerned, but all the type of supplies is being sent through Switzerland at the present time. What can the Swiss say?

As far as the Nazis are concerned there could be no strategical benefit gained by seizing Switzerland. It would only mean another difficult occupied territory to administer and hold down. Even a week's war might cause irreparable damage. The Swiss would be adept at mountain guerrilla warfare, although it would not be pleasant for their soldiers to be up the mountains and to see their wives and families being destroyed in the towns below.

A Simple Affair

A Nazi invasion would, in fact, be a fairly simple affair for the Germans. Not only is there the Basle Gap through which their mechanized vehicles could pour, but all the northern frontier of Switzerland with its Rhine boundary is obviously easily penetrable. It is simply a question of throwing bridges over the river. That would be the line of approach. From the south there is little to fear as the mountains there make an attack impossible.

Apart from the danger of destroyed tunnels there are other reasons which might well prevent the Nazis from attacking Switzerland.

At present Switzerland acts as the connecting link between Germany and the outside world for the transfer of parcels and communications with prisoners of war. This is an important point, for this traffic is vital, not only to ourselves, but also to the Germans. Naturally they do not wish their own prisoners of war isolated from their homeland and an alternative route would have to be a very round-about way one, such as through Russia and right round the world—but it would also add to their own difficulties with the British prisoners of war in their hands. At present these unfortunate men depend largely for parcels received from Britain to make life bearable. If these were delayed to any extent then the Germans would have to expect the none too pleasant repercussions from hungry and dissatisfied men. They could hardly take forcible steps against obstructive Britons, for this would lead to reprisals on their own prisoners in their hands.

A Last Refuge?

The suggestion has been made that the Nazi leaders have large sums of money hidden in Switzerland against a possible rainy day. This is not, however, very probable. It is much more likely that these "hoards" have already been transferred to countries, such as Mexico and Brazil, in the New World.

What is much more probable is the thought amongst the Nazi leaders that, in the event of defeat, they would then be able to seek sanctuary in Switzerland and escape the punishments and retributions which would undoubtedly be their fate one day. It might very well be difficult for Britain to demand their surrender.

Taking every point of view, therefore, it seems improbable, although obviously not impossible, for Hitler to occupy Switzerland. Strategically he would gain very little that he has not already got, tactically it might well be a very great mistake from the point of view of the Nazi hierarchy. Being reckless gamblers they must, at the back of their minds, visualize a time when they might well have to fly for their lives.



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F.D.R.'s Triumph

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

Washington, D.C.

AS THE shape of the war takes on a confusing bulge in the most embarrassing places, as Britons and Canadians and Americans find themselves cheering the Soviet legions they mistrusted only a week ago and despised less than fifteen months ago, as the peoples of the democracies look coldly and grimly upon Finland to which their hearts went out only a few short crises ago—one notes an historic change in the status of the United States in the field of diplomacy and international intrigue. This nation has gone to the head of the class.

It must be remembered that for many years the people of the United States regarded their country as the child-like innocent, the cherub, the sucker if you will, among Old World diplomats. Americans suffered from a furious inferiority complex whenever their representative took his place at an international conference. They feared openly that their diplomats lacked the training, the cunning, the traditional coldbloodedness and the foresight to pull the right strings and stab the right people.

All this has changed. It is recognized in foreign circles here, and doubtless in every chancellery of the world, that the United States is playing the canniest game of all, and has already assured itself of a commanding position at the peace conference, whenever that may be.

The man who has accomplished this is Franklin D. Roosevelt. They say he was the best poker-player at Harvard, and today with the stakes of destiny on the table he is a better player than ever.

The full story of the intrigue behind the Russo-German war is not now known; it may not be known until the aging statesmen publish their memoirs and private papers twenty years hence. But today we find the United States the most powerful non-belligerent in the world, poised to strike on the side of victory when the moment has arrived. And we recall several significant things. We recall the row raised in the Congress and in the press when the State Department licensed \$7,000,000 worth of precious machine tools for export to Russia only a few weeks ago. The great bottleneck in Allied production was machine tools, and Russia was to all intents and purposes the de facto ally of the Nazis.

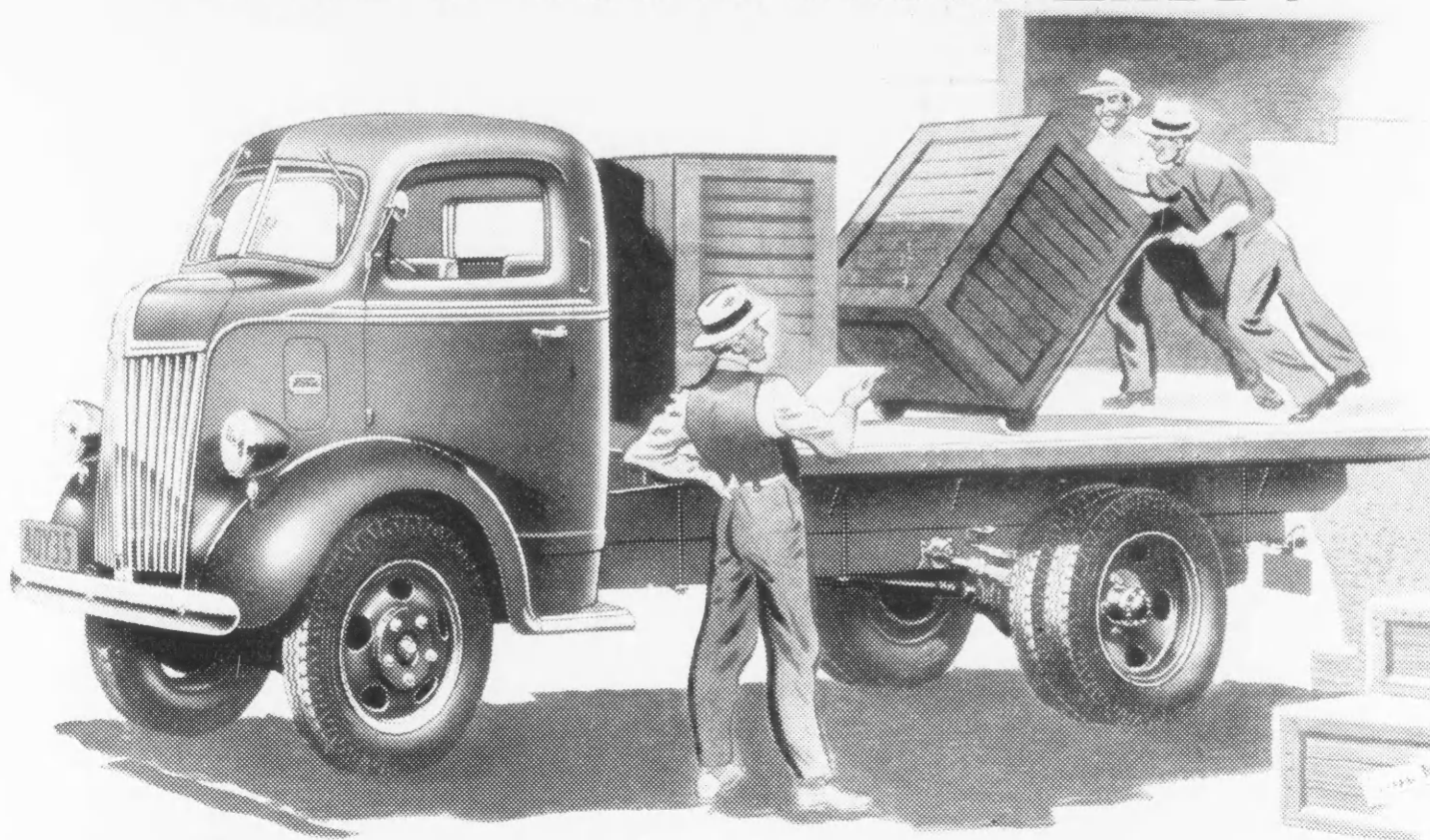
Nor can we forget the long conferences held each week between Undersecretary Sumner Welles and Soviet Ambassador Constantine Gromyko. The Soviet's representative came to the State Department more often than any other foreign diplomat, and for longer periods. Mr. Welles never revealed what transpired at these meetings other than to say they were cordial. As Mr. Gromyko was not seen to bring a pinochle deck or a chessboard with him, one can only speculate.

Finally we have Mr. Roosevelt's adroit handling of the Robin Moor case. In this matter his moves are regarded as masterly.

Although cabled reports clearly indicated German guilt, Mr. Roosevelt declined to use these as the basis for a protest to Berlin. He preferred to wait until depositions had arrived by courier and had been closely studied. Between the time of the Robin Moor's sinking and the examination of the depositions, Mr. Roosevelt slapped Berlin across the face twice in quick succession. He froze Axis funds in the United States, and ordered all Nazi consulates closed. Then he sent a message to Congress on the Robin Moor case, calling the Nazis pirates and brigands. And having thus put Berlin in a warm and co-operative frame of mind toward the United States, Mr. Roosevelt demanded reparations and guarantees.

He doesn't expect to get reparations and guarantees. But he expects to get something he values much more highly—a legitimate excuse to take a more active part in the Battle of the Atlantic.

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?



Here's the Answer!

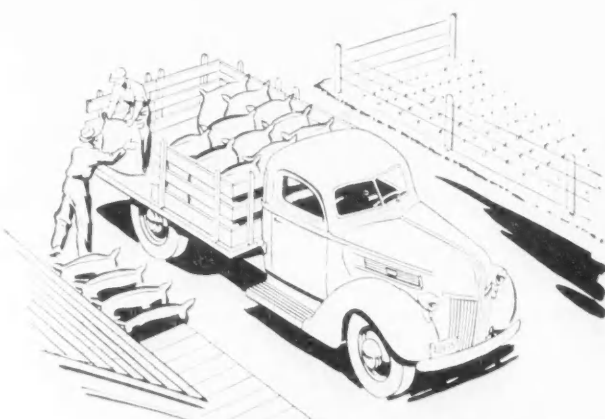
If your problem involves delivery, haulage, trucking, the answer is Ford Trucks. If your problem involves operating and maintenance costs, the answer, definitely, is Ford Trucks. If your problem includes working against time where trucks must stay continuously on the job, with a minimum of time in the repair shop, the answer is certainly Ford Trucks. Ford offers fifty-nine body and chassis types, eight wheelbases, three V-8 engines.

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AMONG the problems which from time to time greatly tax great minds are what happens to the hole when you eat the doughnut, where does the rainbow go, and what is the best way of filling an Arena.

By "Arena" is meant the big, hollow edifices that are variously called the Gardens in Toronto, the Forum in Montreal, and the Ice Palace in Pundunk Center. They're all Arenas and by no other name do they smell any sweeter.

Perhaps to the average paying customer, struggling to get a seat close enough to the scene of action that the ice doesn't look like a cube or the ring like a pocket handkerchief, this would appear to be no problem at all. But Arenas are not like camp chairs. You can't fold them up and

WORLD OF SPORT

How to Fill the Arena

BY KIMBALL McILROY

stow them away when you're not using them. They sit right where they are, taking up a lot of heat, taxes, and room.

In most Canadian cities the winter months are a cinch to the stockholders in these mausoleums of sport, because somebody is always ready to play hockey. People will pay to watch the games too or, as in the case of prep schools, the teams themselves pay for the privilege of playing.

However, though it may surprise many people, Canadian winters do not last all year. Ask the directors of the Forum. Even the system of playoffs—amateur and professional—presently in use can't stretch the hockey season beyond April. Nobody likes being kept home from a hockey game on account of a thunderstorm.

ONE of the most ingenious solutions so far advanced is the Water Follies of 1941. For this you simply melt the ice, install a diving board, and distribute bathing suits. But the Follies is a spectacle, not a

contest, and if you've seen it once you've seen it.

So the problem remains: five or six summer months, ten or fourteen thousand seats, and nobody but the ushers to sit in them.

Boxing is always a good bet but good boxers are becoming scarce and more-than-once-a-week boxing fans scarcer. Even the home-and-home, total-knockdowns-to-count affairs currently so popular with the promoters won't make boxing good for much but every other Monday night.

Then there is wrestling. Wrestling gets to be a habit, like opium, and always attracts somebody, but more and more fans are having it spoiled for them by the man in front telling them the plot beforehand. This spoils the suspense and leaves only the question of who is going to win. You know how much of a question that is.

Six-day bicycle racing was a standby of yesteryear. It had many advantages which impressed it favorably on the bondholders. In the first place you had to attend several evenings before you found out who was winning. (You never found out why.) The contestants having bicycles and staying more or less in one place, there were no travelling expenses to eat up the profits. Furthermore it lasted almost a week each time. But it got monotonous. They never let the riders go around in the opposite direction for variety's sake. Like the Follies, if you'd seen it once you'd seen it, and there weren't any pretty girls.

Professional tennis was recently introduced, but drew mostly flies. Bingo was more popular, but can hardly be termed a sport. Or, in most places, a contest. College basketball has proved a great success in the States, but around here the college boys don't play the game well enough to hold even their own interest.

Political meetings, in season, don't do badly, but politicians hate to pay for things and God knows nobody wants to pay to hear them.

That leaves only odds and ends. Lacrosse has a following in some centres, but in most others is doing the chasing. Abbreviated soccer was tried in New York, and may be tried again when all the players get out of the hospital. Track meets have proved successful, also in New York, but to the average Canadian "Track" is something you call on a ski hill to which nobody below you pays any attention.

THE outlook is bleak, to put it mildly, and under the circumstances the stockholders should welcome some feasible suggestions.

Make the Arena into a miniature golf course. This sport proved very popular, if not very permanent, some years ago. It's about time for a revival. And if nobody comes to play nothing has been lost. It should be a consolation to realize that nobody would have been in the place anyway.

Cover the floor with sand, buy some toys on option from the five-and-ten, and do a rushing business with the neighborhood children. The kids could be permitted to build three sand-castles for a dollar, or charged twenty-five cents a square foot, or something. This would build up good-will among the parents. At the opening of the hockey season the sand could be used for filling hour-glasses, which could be given away as souvenirs.

Fill the place with water and hold outboard-motor races. Sea fleas instead of sand fleas. The races could either be presented as spectator attractions or some sort of aquatic pari-mutuel system set up. Nobody has ever tried this so there isn't likely to be any law against it. By the time the legislature got one passed the season would be over.

If the outboard races prove unsuccessful, leave the water in the Arena,

capture a German submarine, and put it on display at so much a sight-seeing head. This would have the added advantage of materially assisting the war effort. Fans might be allowed to participate and a contest instituted, with a prize going to the captor of the largest U-boat brought in each week. Contests of this sort should, of course, be confined mainly to maritime cities. Contestants should also be carefully instructed in the differences between German or Italian and British or American submarines. This would obviate some pretty embarrassing explanations.

Hide coins in various nooks and crannies about the premises and let people hunt for them at so much apiece. This would bring in sufficient revenue to pay the overhead and at the same time materially assist in keeping the place clean during the slack season.

But perhaps the best idea, since the crowds in attendance will be largely imaginary under any circumstances, would be to hold a series of imaginary races. For a starter, hare and the tortoise. There should be lots of imaginary cheering and applause. Then a race between Achilles and the tortoise (the one where the tortoise is given a year's start and Achilles, though he runs ten times as fast, never catches him because every time he gets up where the tortoise was the tortoise has gone a little farther).

These races would be sensational. Can't you just hear the imaginary dollars rolling into the box office?



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To What Extent Is Europe Self-Sufficient?

BY ARTHUR ARMSTRONG

THE question is often asked how far the various countries of Europe are self-sufficient economically. In the years preceding the present war Germany, Italy and Russia, to name the three leading exponents of the policy of national self-sufficiency, did everything in their power to prevent the free exchange of goods within their borders. Only absolutely essential goods, mainly raw materials, were allowed to enter. These were usually on government order for armament purposes. Their only purpose war. Thus the general standards and amenities of civilized life suffered. As Goering aptly said, it was a case of "guns instead of butter."

Since the start of this war many other countries in Europe have, because of Nazi-occupation, been forced into a state of economic self-sufficiency. No longer does international trade flow across their boundaries and, generally speaking, they have to feed and clothe themselves on what is left to them after the Germans have taken their share. Some countries have fared worse than others, but in all the standards of life have fallen deplorably, even in the case of willing victims, such as Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary. The "New Order" has certainly so far hardly been an advertisement for anything but a new form of economic slavery.

Degree of Relation

It is extremely important to realize in this connection that there are relatively few countries in Europe which could not support their present populations at some standard of life or other without intercourse with the outer world. Britain is possibly one of the exceptions, and even there it is not certain that she could not maintain her population at all without international trade. It is certain, however, that the standard of living supportable under these conditions would be extremely low. In Britain's case her people would have to revert to the standards of a peasant's diet of a hundred years ago. Other countries, such as France and Germany, could clearly become self-sufficient at a level considerably lower than their customary peace-time standard of living, but not nearly so far below it as in Britain's case.

There must clearly be some relation between the degree of peace-time dependence upon international trade and the sacrifice in standard of living which would be necessary for complete self-sufficiency. The relation, however, is not a rigid one. Some countries, such as Great Britain, which are almost or quite incapable of achieving 100 per cent self-sufficiency, because their imports include essential commodities (such as foodstuffs) which they could produce at home only with the greatest difficulty and thus uneconomically, nevertheless import a smaller proportion of their total consumption than do other countries, whose imports consist of things which generally are only essential to their maintaining a high standard of living. It is of interest, however, to consider the following figures giving the ratio of retained imports to net national income. These figures represent the average over the decade 1925-34.

Small and Wealthy

It is not easy to disentangle all the influences which go to determine the percentages given. One thing, however, stands out clearly. The countries which used to be most dependent on international trade, such as Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Norway, were small and fairly wealthy countries. The countries least dependent on international trade have only one common factor—their great size—which accounts for their high degree of self-sufficiency. Otherwise the list indicates that these countries include both rich and poor. When countries of about the same economic importance are considered, as measured either by population or by national income, there is a general tendency for those with the highest standards of living, and consequently

wealth, to be the ones most dependent upon international trade.

Ratio of Retained Merchandise Imports to Net National Income, Average for the decade 1925-34.

Country	Per cent
Great Britain	24.7
France	18.3
Germany	18.2
Italy	21.4
Norway	47.7
Sweden	27.6
Holland	42.1
Belgium	48.7
Denmark	45.6
Bulgaria	11.5
Finland	37.3
Greece	18.8
Hungary	15.5
Eire	35.4
Poland	10.2
Rumania	12.2
Switzerland	26.9

To what degree are the countries of Europe economically self-sufficient?

Mr. Armstrong answers this question and in doing so gives us a better understanding of economic conditions in those countries which, under the so-called "New Order", are forced to be self-sufficient.

Whatever the outcome of the war may be it is Mr. Armstrong's opinion that the economic position of every individual will be seriously altered.

Czechoslovakia	22.0
U.S.S.R.	2.6
Portugal	13.4
Yugoslavia	9.9

As it is the purpose of the Nazis to alter the whole economic status of Europe it is not without interest to compare the self-sufficiency of large areas rather than individual countries in Europe.

Ratio of Retained Merchandise Imports to Net National Income, 1937.

Area	Per cent
British Empire	8.0
Sterling Bloc	9.5
Continental Europe	5.8
Western Hemisphere	3.6
W. Hemisphere & Sterling Bloc combined	3.5
Whole world outside Continental Europe	2.1

From these figures it can be seen that neither the British Empire nor the Sterling Bloc are self-sufficient. Also Continental Europe is a good deal further from self-sufficiency than the Western Hemisphere. Even were Hitler to combine the Western Hemisphere and the Sterling Bloc it would still mean that the rest of the world would remain in a superior position. It should, however, be remembered that the loss to the outside world if Europe were to remain a more or less closed area to trade, or even if its trade were to be cut down by any substantial proportion, would be considerable.

One thing is clear. However this war ends it is going to mean a vast transformation of the economic position of every individual, not only in the Western World, but throughout the earth. Things can never, in our lifetimes, be quite the same again.

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THE LONDON LETTER

The Army, But With a Difference

BY P. O'D.

ONE year ago Mr. Eden made a broadcast speech announcing the formation of the Local Defence Volunteers. This week men of the Westminster Battalion of the Home Guard will mount guard at Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace. In between lies the story of a very remarkable development, whose astonishing success hardly any of its original sponsors can have foreseen. It is a little like seeing Cinderella's mice converted into prancing coach-horses, right before your eyes.

The first idea in the formation of the L.D.V.'s, as they were then called, was not much more than to provide a useful outlet for patriotic emotion. All those ex-Servicemen in the country, all those bellicose old gentlemen, all those men in reserved occupations, who wanted to feel they were "doing their bit." It was thought that 500,000 or so of them might be formed into some sort of home-defence force, and that in the course of time they might become good enough to take the place of

regular troops and so release them for service in Belgium and France.

Well, we all know what has come of it. The Government made a graceful gesture of invitation, and more than 1,700,000 men rose up in reply, men of all sorts and ages, many with military experience but many more with none whatever, armed with anything they could find, wearing home-made armlets instead of uniforms, untrained, with no clear idea of what they were expected to do or how they were to do it. The Government was gratified but rather embarrassed. What the devil were they to do with them—all those men who had to be clothed, trained, armed, and given definite duties?

Hitler Solved Problems

Hitler solved some of the problems with his threats of invasion. Time and enthusiasm and good sense

have solved most of the others. Today the Home Guard is really an army, but an army with a difference that must always be kept in mind—an army of men guarding their own homes, an army of tiny units each working in its own district, of which it knows every inch. That is its value and its strength. It has an important part to play in the national defence; and if ever the test should come, there is no doubt at all that it will play it. This is democracy in arms.

All over the country in every little village, in every rural parish, two or three times a week men turn out after their day's work to drill, to throw hand-grenades, to shoot, to practice the sort of guerilla warfare that will be their job in an emergency. Every night in each of these little areas there are men on guard—all night long.

A lot of it is not very efficient. A lot of it is even rather funny. But there can be no question of their enthusiasm and determination. They will fight, they will be formidable, and they will be everywhere. If ever German parachute troops land in England, they are likely to stay—most of them just where they landed. The Home Guard will be on the job.

Still the Cup Final

No matter how often or how savagely London is bombed, there are certain great annual sporting events that nothing is allowed to stop. One of them is the Cup Final. Last week more than 60,000 devoted followers of the great winter game turned up at Wembley Stadium to see Arsenal and Preston do battle for the Football Cup. And a grand struggle they saw, worthy in every way of those two famous clubs, each of which has twice won the championship. It ended in a draw—one goal each—and will have to be fought all over again.

The really notable thing about the match is, not the brilliancy and closeness of the play, but that it should have been played at all. And especially that such a multitude of spectators should have been allowed to assemble to watch it. All those thousands of people crowded closely together, shouting and cheering, heedless of everything but the green turf in front of them, the swiftly moving ball, and the talented feet of the lads in the colored jerseys. What a chance for the Luftwaffe—if the Luftwaffe cared to take any chances over London in the daylight! But the Luftwaffe doesn't. It prefers places like Belgrade.

Cricket, too. Up at Lord's the summer season has begun. Large gentlemen in white flannels and enormous white pads—the sort of



The Pilot Officer who captained the Catalina flying boat which spied the German battleship "Bismarck". The hull of the airplane was punctured in several places by anti-aircraft fire but the crew plugged the holes and they continued to shadow the Nazi raider for ten hours longer.

costume that would make almost anyone look gigantic—pat the ball carefully about and amble amiably between wickets. Bowlers make their little run, and whirl their arm high over their head. Fielders saunter from one position to another, and then spend most of their time treading down imaginary inequalities in the turf. Occasionally they pick up a blade of grass and eat it.

Slowly the score goes up on the complicated board. Once in a while a batsman is put out, and everyone lies down. On the benches of the stands happy spectators look up between dozes to murmur, "Oh, well played, sir!" Cricket is once more in full swing.

The play was good, the result was close, and the turf was as usual perfect, greener than emeralds and smoother than velvet. But everything was over at six o'clock! Cricket is descending to the horrid hurry of baseball. This is the sort of thing that makes you realize there is a war on.

Wine for Red Cross

Foyle's, that amazing bookshop in the Charing Cross Road, where there are probably more second-hand books gathered than in any other shop in the world, still goes on with its literary luncheons. These luncheons, to which eminent literary persons are invited to meet persons eminent in other walks of life—or is it the other way around?—and lots of people who are not eminent for anything attend to look at the lions, have become a pleasant and distinctive feature of London life for the bookish. It is reassuring to know that they still go on, in spite of the

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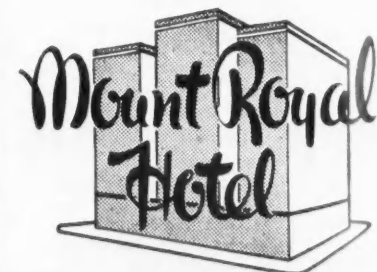
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bombs and the "blitzes" also in spite of the rationing. Foyle's still feeds its friends.

Generally the speeches at these affairs deal with literary topics. But last week's luncheon at the Grosvenor was notable, not only for the presence of Lord Willingdon in the chair, but for the fact that the chief subject was wine—yes, wine! The speakers talked about wine, and asked for wine, more and more of it. But let temperance reformers be reassured. They didn't mean to drink the wine. They meant to sell it—for the benefit of the Red Cross. This was, in fact, a begging luncheon. The reader may feel that this is surely a very odd way of raising money, but it has already proved a highly effective one. This is a country where a well-stocked cellar is still a matter of family pride—now more than ever perhaps, when wine is so difficult to come by. A bottle of grand old vintage port has become more precious than rubies.

There must be still quite a lot of wine hidden away in family cellars, old ports and clarets, and things even more precious like Imperial Tokay and Napoleon Brandy. What better use could be made of it—better even than drinking it oneself—than to hand it out to be sold for the Red Cross? And people really are doing it. There is, I think, something quite heroic about such self-sacrifice.

As an instance of the sort of stuff that is being contributed by noble-hearted wine-bibbers from their precious store, there is another wine sale for the Red Cross to be held shortly at Derby House under the patronage of Lord Derby. More than 1,000 dozen have already been sent in, and among it are two bottles of Tokay, that drink of emperors, both bought originally from the Royal House of Saxony, one dated 1718 and the other 1794. Think of all the history that has happened while that golden liquid has been ripening!

There is also a bottle of Marsala that was sent to St. Helena for the use of Napoleon, but which he was forbidden by his doctor to drink. Another notable bottle is one of champagne from the cellars of the last Czar of Russia, and bearing the Imperial seal. Wonderful stuff in its day, no doubt, though now probably no longer fit to drink. But then no one in his right mind would think of drinking it. Only a Goering would commit such a sacrilege. These are precious relics to be gazed upon in reverence. And the Red Cross will benefit very handsomely, no doubt which is, after all, the very best thing that could be done with it.

Moles to Aid War

Farmers accustomed to look with gloom and annoyance on the mole-hills in their fields, and the lines of tunnelling that ridge up the turf may soon take a quite different view of the activities of the "little gentleman in grey." So Jacobites used affectionately to describe him, when it became known that a mole-hill had caused the horse of William III to stumble, and thus brought about the death of that "usurping" monarch. Or perhaps it was the "little gentleman in brown velvet"—I seem to remember that, too. Something endearing, at any rate.

Moles are attractive little creatures though not in the tennis lawn, I admit and now they are profitable as well. Moleskins are in demand. The British fur-trade is making a drive, with Government support, to collect millions of the skins to be turned into garments for export to America. Which should be very nice indeed for ladies "over there" and also for the exchange situation.

Before the war, it seems, something like 25,000,000 moleskins used to be imported every year into this country from Italy, France, and Belgium mostly for manufacture and export. In the face of this foreign competition there was no profit in trapping British moles, though it is claimed for them that their skins are the finest and most durable.

So, on the whole, the British mole lived a very jolly and carefree life.

Now, poor little devil, with such a high price on his fur, he will have to be clever and lucky to go on wearing it himself. And it won't be much consolation to him to know, when the trap nips him, that he is really helping to win the war. Hitler has spoiled his fun, too.

The Isle of Man

All sorts of odd things crop up every now and then in Parliament—queer traditions and customs, laws that most people had forgotten all about, quaint survivals that

in other countries would have died out generations ago. For instance, the other day in the House of Commons during a debate on the subject of enemy aliens interned in the Isle of Man, it came out that the Isle of Man had not declared war on Germany. And apparently it is the proud privilege of the Isle of Man on these occasions to include itself in or include itself out, as Mr. Goldwyn might say.

Oh, but everything is all right! Please don't think that the Isle of Man has gone Quisling, or has been unpatriotically affected by its pro-

pinquity to Eire. As a matter of fact, the Isle of Man is at war with Germany and quite officially. For it also came out that in the joy and excitement over the victory of the Allies in the last war, the Isle of Man forgot to declare peace. So officially the Isle of Man has been at war with Germany ever since. Just a bit of happy carelessness, I suppose, or perhaps a prophetic intuition that making peace with Germany was merely a waste of time. In a way it is very odd that the Isle of Man didn't declare peace after the last war. When an island

about the size of the Island of Montserrat, with a population of less than 50,000, has its own House of Commons or "House of Keys," as they much more picturesquely describe it—its Upper House, and a Lieutenant-Governor, it seems only natural that they should be very strict about the exercise of their ancient rights. And usually the Manx authorities are. The fact that they overlooked this one occasion strengthens the conviction that they didn't make peace with Germany because they didn't want to. How right they were!

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FOR a leader embarking on the "greatest military campaign in history," Hitler's proclamation of last Sunday seemed extraordinarily apologetic and halting, beginning with "weighed down as I am by heavy cares, . . ." and ending with "May God help us especially in this fight!"

It is impossible to escape the conclusion that Hitler's plans have gone badly wrong. Certainly he planned to take over Russia, or a large part of it. He has never for an instant given up that ambition, fostered in him by Haushofer and Hess, enunciated as the keystone of German policy in *Mein Kampf*, and boldly proclaimed at Nuremberg in September 1936: "If only Germany controlled the wealth of the Ukraine and the Urals, she would swim in plenty."

But it was all to have been managed very differently; above all, before provoking a conflict with Britain. A Swiss writer, Yves Delbars, told in the *Tribune de Genève* a few weeks ago of discussions he held with Haushofer, his son Albrecht and entourage, in the summer of 1939. Despite their admiration for the National Socialist regime these geo-politicians could not conceal a certain disquiet over the trend of German policy towards Britain. "If I believed in war," said Haushofer, "I would inscribe above my door: 'Do not attack Great Britain before the consolidation of Greater Germany and Mitteleuropa'."



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OWEN SOUND - ONTARIO

THE HITLER WAR

Can Russia Be Knocked Out?

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

A memorandum on German policy obtained by Wickham Steed and presented in this space at length in the early months of the war now appears as a genuine blueprint of Hitler's hopes and intentions. Its substance is that up to the end of 1938 Hitler had hoped to use Poland, as well as Rumania, as an instrument of his Eastern policy, and believed that this policy would be tolerated by Britain. This hope was dashed by the British guarantee to Poland in April 1939. Hitler then determined to smash Poland, without however at the same time attacking France and Britain. The Western Powers might declare war, but he believed they would remain inactive. After finishing Poland, at the same time that he shifted his armies to the West he would launch a powerful peace offensive. For Germany, the memorandum concluded, was not yet ready for a long war. Her policy was "World Empire without World War." She would make peace with the Western Powers on the basis of no Franco-British interference in Eastern Europe in return for a German guarantee of the French and British Empires.

"Candy and Whip"

Hitler has tried time and again to get back to this program, after the Polish campaign, after the fall of France, and again this Spring, each time through that curious German recipe of "candy-stick and whip," friendship in one hand and threats in the other, which so profoundly mistakes the British character. The latest effort was the dropping of Hess and his appeal to join in a crusade against Bolshevism, the same night as the worst Blitz London had ever experienced. At least, Hess's cry "I have come to save humanity" sounds like the same theme used by Hitler and Ribbentrop last Sunday. And Churchill certainly implied in his speech that an appeal had been made to call off the war in the West and let Germany turn on the "real" enemy of civilization, Bolshevism. Was it not for this purpose that Hess, the well-known anti-Bolshevik, called in on the Duke of Hamilton, formerly identified through the Anglo-German Fellowship with the anti-Bolshevik crusade?

In reaffirming, with the not inconsiderable vehemence at his command, that German Nazism was the worst enemy of civilization today, Churchill, once the world's leading anti-Bolshevik and prime mover in the war of intervention against the Soviets in 1918-19, revealed that he had answered the Nazis by warning Stalin of his peril. It may have been this helpful action that capped with success a mission which Sir Stafford Cripps had often been tempted to abandon as fruitless. Judging from events, Cripps hurried home to Whitehall with the opinion, if not the actual assurance, that Russia would fight, and the counsel that a heavy and sustained RAF offensive to tie down part of the German air strength in the West might ensure it. I hazarded the guess in last week's article that this might be the purpose of the non-stop RAF offensive, although I hardly dared to hope that Stalin would fight.

That Stalin has risked all, after avoiding war so assiduously since mid-1939, can only mean that Hitler's demands were very stiff, such as demobilization of the Russian Western Army, guaranteed and much larger deliveries of wheat, oil, manganese, cotton and other supplies, ensured by the instatement of German technicians in key industrial and transport posts and the installation of German railway security police, transit of arms for Japan and, as an ironical finale, it has been said that the Germans have a Lease-Lend program by which Russian naval

units in the Pacific will be "loaned" to the Japanese!

Since it is one of Hitler's basic principles, however, to begin by making small demands and then step them up gradually, so that at no stage does it quite seem worthwhile for the victim to fight, such stiff demands would either mean that he was determined to make Russia fight, or had been unable to make any headway with his light demands. Perhaps there may be some truth in both suppositions. In spite of the strain which a Russian campaign imposes on Germany at this time, Hitler may have been satisfied that the kind of control he wanted over Russia and her resources could only be gained by conquest. He had his chief weapon, his armored divisions, standing idle. And he needs victories. As a special correspondent of the *London Times* wrote from Stockholm on May 6 in a despatch which now seems prophetic, "Hitler has only two alternatives for 1941: to keep on inflicting reverses on Great Britain, or to conquer the U.S.S.R. No other victory would be big enough for the German people's appetite." Or, as Mr. Sandwell suggested in conversation with the writer last week, Hitler may have developed this Russian crisis to keep pace with American participation on Britain's side, so as to be able to present his people with a big victory just about the time his policy suffers a great defeat, the entry of the United States into the war.

In any case, Hitler has launched his Russian venture. What of the actual military operations? What are the prospects of Russian resistance? As might be expected, comparisons have at once been drawn with Napoleon's disastrous campaign, and the fruitless venture of Imperial Germany, which found few supplies in the "rich granary" of the Ukraine and ended with the revolutionary infection of the German Eastern Armies. But we must assume that the present German leaders have studied the campaigns of Napoleon and Ludendorff, and are alert to avoid their mistakes. Present-day mechanized power, too, alters the picture of Russian distances. It is said that Hitler has now opened up an Eastern Front. I doubt if he intends that there be an Eastern Front for more than six or eight weeks at the most. He has massed all his available forces, drawing heavily on the air formations which have been used against Britain, and handing Sicily and Greece over to the Italians, in order to try to knock out Russia in a quick campaign.

The Main Question

I think the main question about this campaign is whether Russia can be knocked out, as France was, the desired portion sliced off and the rest ruled through a puppet regime; or whether Stalin's regime can survive the defeats and perhaps disasters which may overtake its armies in Western Russia and the confusion which may be caused in the big Western cities through traffic failure, and preserve enough force and enough authority to carry on from more remote regions, as the Chinese have. This is going to be a test of Soviet morale and the loyalty of Party and people to Stalin's leadership. For beyond the Urals there is almost another Russia; there is supposed to be an industrial set-up and armament industry in duplicate, prepared for just such a contingency as this, and presenting an infinitely better chance for prolonged resistance than China possessed in her undeveloped interior, or France in her non-industrial North Africa.

To come down to details, I expect to see the Germans proceed with their well-known enveloping technique to take "bites" out of the Sov-

iet front, rolling up such Russian salients as that around Lwow (Lemberg) and that further north around Bialystok. They will probably seek to parcel up the Soviet forces as they did the Poles and the French, dividing them and subdividing them. A very likely push would be through Kishinev, to cut off the whole lower lobe of Bessarabia. At Brest-Litovsk it is already apparent that the Germans are trying to thrust the Russians backward into the Pinsk marshes. On the grander plan we may soon see an arm sweeping up through Riga in the north and another through Odessa in the south, to turn the Russian flanks, while a main German push develops through the centre towards Kiev, and continues on towards Kharkov and Stalin-grad, on the lower Volga. The part of Russia that the Germans would like to slice off, I imagine, would lie this side of a line Narva (near Leningrad)-Vitebsk-Stalingrad.

One only has to look at this immense territory on the map to see what a vast campaign the Germans have begun. Yet they are not out merely to occupy so many square miles of territory. They will try to roll up and destroy the Soviet armies and shake the whole edifice of Russia until the state apparatus falls crashing to the ground, like that of France. Here is the big question of the campaign: can the Germans shake the huge mass of Russia as they did France? Will Russia prove as delicately adjusted an organism? Can they panic these stolid Slavs as they did the temperamental French? Or will the Russian armies of today endure defeats as disastrous as Tannenberg and carry on, more masses filling in the gaps from the rear?

How Russia Will Fight

It seems inevitable that the veteran German armies, led by brilliant strategists, superior mechanics equipped with superior machines, and masters of the problem of supply, should defeat the children of the steppes who still look on their new mechanical toys with wonderment, are largely inexperienced, indifferently led and wretchedly supplied. Not that the Russians won't fight well: with their fatalistic temperament they will hold their ground to the end if they are ordered to do so. They have plenty of tanks; but if, as one writer has said, 1700 were knocked out in the Finnish campaign they can't be well armored. Their artillery is said to be excellent—if the German attack doesn't move too fast for it, as in Flanders. Their aviation? There's where the argument begins. Taking what we know of its performance in Spain, against the Japs and in the Finnish War, and also our knowledge of Russian production technique, one might expect that the air personnel and especially the fighter pilots, will do rather well with somewhat out-dated equipment. Here again, the Germans will try for a knock-out, will seek to sweep the skies and smash the aerodromes as they did in the Polish, Flanders and Greek campaigns. But Russia is a vast country. If the Germans destroyed all the planes operating from all the aerodromes in a thousand-mile strip across the West of Russia—a gigantic task—there are many more thousands of miles, more aerodromes, plane factories, pilots and oil supplies beyond that.

It comes down, therefore, to a matter of leadership and morale. If Stalin is determined to resist to the end and has a loyal following in the Party, and public morale is moderately good, Russia ought to be able to survive great disasters on the Western frontier and fight on from beyond the Urals indefinitely.

For all our prompt proclamation of support, the Battle of Russia will be decided almost wholly by Russian efforts. Hitler has left no avenue open by which we could send help in any quantity, or quickly. There is only the route across Persia, for as long as the Russians hold the Caucasus, and the Trans-Siberian route, for as long as the Japanese permit. Our chief help to Russia will be the R.A.F. offensive against Flanders and Western Germany, which might force the German Command, for political reasons if not for military, to switch considerable air power from the Russian front.

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Can Canada Assimilate the Ontario Mind?

BY ARMOUR MACKAY

IS THERE an Ontario mind?

Is it closed?

Is it the mind of Ontario?

If so, is Ontario to be a stubborn minority in the Canadian body politic, just as Ontario people so often accuse Quebec of being?

Or will Ontario pull together with the rest of Canada?

THE writer who puts these questions is himself a grandson of Ontario, although living in the West. Three generations of his forefathers lie at rest in Oxford, in Bruce, or in Toronto, or grew up in the old province before being transferred elsewhere.

Some fifteen years ago, the writer became interested in the study of persuasion as part of the democratic process of government, and of psychological types as aids or hindrances to persuasion. From isolating types, he went on to look for their origins. He found the practice sufficiently fruitful to be worth continuing.

One type—a mind stiff, inarticulate, filled with prejudice rather than reasoned judgment, resistant to even the examination of new ideas—seemed particularly difficult to deal with. Again and again, while he covered public meetings of many kinds as a newspaperman in Manitoba, he saw persons of this mental type made acutely uncomfortable by the unfamiliar. Often their discomfort issued in heated or resentful outbursts, until persons of greater ease had succeeded, after long effort, in explaining alternative ideas. Sometimes they did not succeed.

Tracking down the origin of this mind, the enquirer found that victim after victim was of Ontario stock. Not everyone whom he met from Ontario had such a mind, of course. But nearly every such mind that he met had been formed by Ontario. Usually the victim was a man born before 1880 or 1885, who had come West or been brought by his parents in the great migration that followed the building of the C.P.R. He had gone to school in Ontario or in public schools in Manitoba staffed by men and women from Ontario.

COULD this be true? Could this closed mind be a peculiarly Ontario product? To one of Ontario stock, accustomed to hear Ontario people and schools spoken of as high—if not first—among the elect, such a reflection on his ancestral province was almost treason.

Yet observation and questioning found few such minds among the Maritime and Quebec English, the few Quebec French whom he knew, or among the Alberta and British Columbia types. All had their convictions, and many their prejudices. But most could explain the faith that was in them, and compare it with others. Not so, this Ontario mind.

The inquisitive descendant of Ontario set out to check his conclusions with those of other observers. One of the first he met was a high officer of a national political party.

"Oh yes. It's quite true," was the politician's comment. "You'll find that mind right across Manitoba from the Red River as far west as Indian Head in Saskatchewan—wherever the Ontario people settled along the C.P.R. after the main line was built in the 'eighties.'"

The next man questioned was the national organizer for another of the great parties.

"Yes," he said. "I've often noticed it. Only I doubt if it applies to all Ontario. I think of it as the Toronto mind."

The third conversation was with a Dominion civil servant who had been stationed for years at a time in the West, in Ontario, and in the Maritimes.

"Yes, it's very true," he said. "They say the Maritime people are conservative and set in their ways. Actually, I found them always willing to listen to a new idea. They'd examine it and discuss it. They might not adopt it, because they'd sifted a lot of ideas in a hundred and fifty years, and kept the ones they'd found good. But they'd listen. The Ontario man,

This article was not written, and is not published, with the object of infuriating Ontario people.

It is a serious attempt, by a Westerner who is a descendant of Ontario people, to rationalize and justify what is undoubtedly a widespread feeling among Westerners.

In the years 1900-1930 Ontario men of the early migration were literally running the West. Today they are in much the same position against the newcomers as the Family Compact in Ontario was against the newcomers of the 1830's. It is not unnatural that they tend to be admirers of "the things that have been."

though—he didn't want to hear anything new. His mind was closed. What was good enough for his father was good enough for him."

A ray of hope came from another politician, this time a national party leader, since retired. Himself a man of Ontario stock, he smiled as he said:

"Yes. But it's changing now. Our speakers report a great change in that respect in the last few years, especially among the young people. They're willing to listen now."

Four to none, these men who had to deal with it in their work had confirmed the existence of this Ontario mind.

WHAT could be its origin? The searcher put the question to his father, Ontario born, product of Ontario schools, gold medalist of an Ontario university.

The first response was annoyance—not unnaturally. A rare flush colored his face as he rejected the whole idea as "Nonsense!" The subject was dropped, and was not mentioned again until some weeks later. Then one day,

"You know," said the father, "I've been thinking of what you were saying the other day about an Ontario mind. There may be something in it. You see, Ontario was the first province to have general mechanical education—school for everybody, with the three R's and a lot of things to memorise—learning by rote. And it was the first province to have widespread prosperity."

"The school system left the people ignorant—or single track, at least—and unbroken prosperity made them complacent about it. Is that it?" asked the son.

"Well, that's putting it rather harshly, and really too strongly," said his father. "But that is the general idea. Ontario has had an easier time on the whole and for longer than the other provinces."

Here was a clue . . . And no doubt, when Ontario had tried to establish schools for all its children in pioneer days, it ran into the same difficulty that Manitoba met later—a lack of trained teachers, so that third class certificates were common, or permit teachers who never reached Normal school at all.

BY THIS stage in the inquiry, it was 1934 or so. About that time, the *London Times Literary Supplement* devoted one of its long front-page reviews to the Green International and the peasant mind in Europe. To the consternation of the grandson of Ontario, the analysis of the peasant mind tallied almost exactly, point for point, with what he had come to think of as the Ontario mind.

Again he set out to check. Shortly afterwards, he met a widely travelled tour conductor, of European origin, who knew both Europe and Canada well.

"Oh yes," was the reply this time. "Of course. Ontario is a thoroughly peasant region. Except for a few outstanding exceptions, the Ontario people are nearly all peasant in their values and ideas, even when they have money."

"The Ontario peasant" . . . The phrase haunted him. Peasant was a term of contempt among the Ontario people he knew, or among those of Ontario stock. Yet here, it appeared, was a peasant type of Ontario.

YEARS and events in Ontario public life—moved on to their sickening fruit at the conference on the Sirois report.

Even more disturbing, as an index

say to the rest of Canada, "Ontario is Canada. Come to us, accept our wishes—or go to the devil."

In matters of population, this mind is contemptuous of the non-British stocks—a poor foundation for co-operation in a country of which more than half the people are of non-British origin.

In questions of external policy—"We are a colony of the United Kingdom. Confederation is a compact of colonies."

In economic matters—"The tariff looks after us nicely. Go peddle your wares in the world market and don't bother us."

In questions of domestic policy, of social welfare—"The Lord hath prospered our works. What right have you to envy? We are comfortable. Why should we bother about you?"

Is this the mind of Ontario? Or is Ontario Canadian, British, open-minded, tolerant, ready to understand, willing to compromise and co-operate?

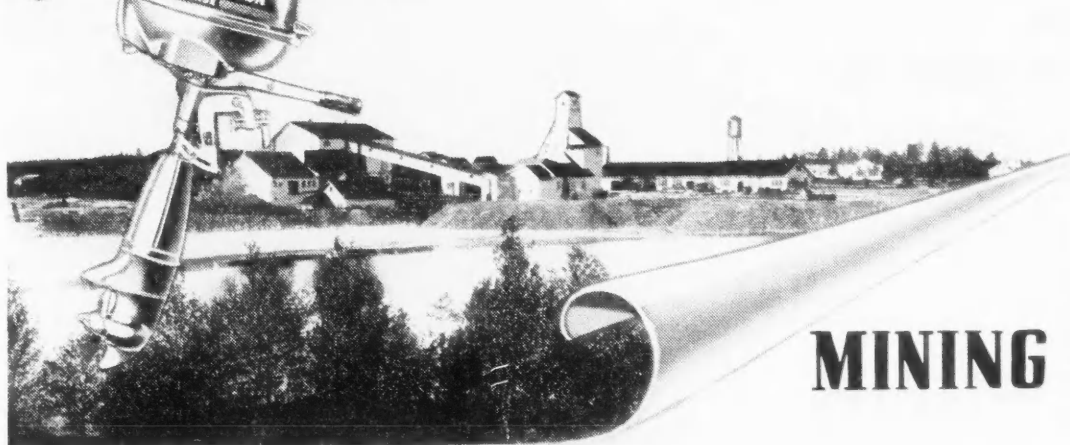


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WEEK TO WEEK

Non-Punitive Punishment

BY B. K. SANDWELL

WHILE the situation about internment on suspicion of subversive activity or intent is greatly improved as a result of the sittings of the parliamentary committee during the past session, it cannot even yet be described as entirely satisfactory.

Mr. Lapointe's point that internment is not punitive but protective—intended not to punish an offender but to protect the state—is perfectly sound; but it has certain logical consequences which he and the Government do not seem to recognize.

Internment, no matter for what reason it is applied, does inevitably cause certain serious discomforts and losses to the person interned and to all those who are dependent on him or who hold him in affection.

If it were a punishment, these discomforts and losses could be written off as being part of the punishment, and being brought by the evildoer upon himself (and his family) by his own misconduct. That is indeed one of the essential features of our criminal system as it exists today—though society does make a half-hearted effort to mitigate the losses of the innocent dependents of the criminal.

If internment were even the result of proven subversive conduct, these discomforts and losses could be written off in the same way; for even though the subversive conduct were not in itself a crime, it would certainly be something that the subversive actor could have avoided doing, and should have known that he ought to avoid doing.

BUT internment is in the majority of cases neither a punishment for a proven crime, nor the result of proven misconduct. It is, as Mr. Lapointe claims, a precautionary measure, the result of a suspicion on the part of somebody, shared by an officer of the R.C.M.P., that the interned individual is intending, or is likely, to perform some act detrimental to the war effort of the country. Inability to establish proof, the kind of proof required in a court of law, is the sole reason for setting up the kind of procedure provided for in the Defence of Canada Regulations. The sole excuse for their existence, so far as they provide for the internment of persons not convicted of any crime or misconduct, is that the state must have the power to act upon suspicion.

Internment, therefore, is a means of dealing, not with a person who has committed a proven crime and must therefore be punished, but with a person who is suspected of being in the process of committing, or having the intent to commit, or being likely to commit, an act detrimental to the war effort of the country. This suspicion may be correct or it may be incorrect; suspicion can never be correct in one hundred per cent of cases. And even if correct, it may involve no moral obliquity on the part of the person suspected, for he may be wholly unaware that his act, performed or intended, is really detrimental to the war effort. (If it is of a character definitely forbidden by the Regulations, he should of course abstain from it even though convinced in his own mind that it is harmless; but it is to be observed that the Regulations are mostly couched in exceedingly general terms, and leave much to the individual judgment or imagination.)

NOW if these considerations are sound, and the state really desires to make a valid distinction between punitive imprisonment and precautionary internment, it follows that all suffering and losses, to the interned and his dependents and relatives, which are not essential to the success of the precautionary measure should be avoided. I do not think that Mr. Lapointe can, or would, claim that this is the case with internment as practiced in Canada to-

day. (I shall not, however, suggest that in this respect Mr. Lapointe is out of step with the general opinion of the country, which I regard as dangerously apathetic to the whole internment problem, and much too willing to acquiesce in the theory that anybody whom the R.C.M.P. suspect of subversive intent must necessarily be an enemy of the state and entitled to no sympathy—this in spite of the fact that a large number of persons whom the R.C.M.P. did suspect have since been released by the revising committees with no apparent evil results to Canada or the British Empire.)

The internment system appears to me to go far beyond the actual necessities of a precautionary measure in at least two respects. It unnecessarily restricts, and at times apparently abolishes altogether, communication between the interned and his relatives and friends; and it withdraws the interned from all chance of income-producing activity while making no provision for those dependent on him—who in most cases are the kind of people who would experience great difficulty in obtaining any aid from organized charity even they were willing to accept it.

IF IN these two respects the state could be induced to act as if it really believed that internment was not a punishment but a precaution—which involves the further belief that the interned is not a guilty person but a possibly innocent person who has had the misfortune to come under suspicion of subversive activity, I think much of the resentment against the Defence of Canada Regulations and those who administer them would be allayed. That that resentment is not widespread among the comfortable classes I all too readily admit; but it is widespread among the less comfortable classes, and that is what makes it dangerous. For it is strengthening the belief that the comfortable classes care nothing about what happens to a member of the less comfortable classes, no matter how innocent or well-intentioned he may be.

I do not propose to argue against the right of the Minister to hold persons on suspicion. I do not propose to argue against his right to hold them even when a revising committee has recommended their release. In a country where every citizen of the male sex and a certain age can be drafted for military service at home, and will probably be capable of being drafted for military service anywhere within a few months, it would be absurd to argue that a man against whom the R.C.M.P. has grave suspicions should not be drafted for internment for the safety of the state. (Though we must not forget that the power thus entrusted to the R.C.M.P. involves enormous responsibility, and I regret that the force has been placed in the position of opposing all demands that it should give an accounting of its use of that power in

any individual case, even to Parliament.)

BUT I want the fact that this is a precaution and not a punishment to be borne in mind, not merely when Mr. Lapointe is defending the powers of the R.C.M.P. in the House, but also when he is establishing the rules for the treatment of interned persons. If they are not being punished, it is because they have not been proved guilty of anything for which to punish them. They are therefore entitled to be treated as if they were innocent—which does not mean that they must necessarily be released, but does mean that they must be treated in a way to cause them and theirs as little avoidable suffering and loss as possible. They should certainly be given all possible facilities for carrying on any income-producing activities of which they are capable, and if they are not capable of carrying on any in the circumstances of their confinement, the state should see to it that their dependents do not starve.

If it cost us something to keep an unconvicted internee in internment, we should probably be willing to go to a little more trouble to find out the truth about him and establish it in court in the ordinary way.

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Mr. King did this with vigor and clarity and not a little emotion. He offered a factual statement of what Canada is doing; he dramatized this quite legitimately by converting it into comparable American figures; he nailed the lies about Canada; he lashed out at those who misrepresent, wilfully or unwittingly, the Dominion's war effort. And his stocky figure fairly shook with emotion many times, and his voice vibrated with righteous anger, as he hammered home the points that prove Canada's devotion to the cause of freedom.

He did these things with a forthrightness that must catch the American imagination. Certainly he caught the front pages of the newspapers of the nation—and that is a great step toward catching the American imagination. Today the United States knows about its neighbor to the north. Today Senator Nye would not dare rise in the Senate and assert that Canada is making a profit on the Mother Country. Today the people of the Middle West and the Far West are thinking about Canada and are inspired by the work and sacrifice of their rugged neighbors.

To Counter a Slander

And the operation was so simple. It showed that the one effective way to counter a slander is to tell the world it isn't true, and to prove it, in a voice loud enough and in terms vigorous enough to sink into the deepest corner of the American consciousness.

For months while these slanders were being circulated we fumbled and mumbled; we held ourselves aloof, and we issued half-hearted denials; we said we were too busy and too concerned with the war itself; we depended on our well-wishers in the United States to make answer for us; we squirmed and sweated; we wondered and worried whether anything we do might be construed as interference in American domestic politics; we buzzed and bungled and made inconclusive stabs at the problem. And all the while the problem required only that our spokesman rise in his wrath and confound Canada's critics with a recital of the facts in a setting that would guarantee attention. This Mr. King did with high success and at high time.

Part of the War Effort

Canada's reputation in the United States cannot be divorced from the general picture of America's war effort; it is part of the problem of harnessing with the utmost speed the great vigor of this country.

America's foreign policy has been clearly defined by the President and by Congress. There is no more conjecture on this point. Washington's principal problem today is to achieve as great a degree of unity as possible in carrying out this foreign policy. The enemies of the President know this. They have been working desperately and with rare cunning to divide the people, to create confusion and doubt and disunity. And as an integral part of this program they have been using slanders about Canada.

There is no more effective way to confuse the American people than to spread the story that Canada is coldly unconcerned about the war. Americans know Canada well; they know Canadians to be shrewd, sensible, stolid people not addicted to sweeping emotions. They have long admired Canadians for these human assets. That is why opponents of the President's policy of aid to Britain have persistently tried to show that Canada is not heart and soul in this conflict. That is why they have tried to drive an emotional and ideological wedge between Canada and Britain.

And that is why it is so important that Canada make known promptly and vigorously the extent of its war effort and the fulness of its support for the cause of which Britain has become the symbol.

THE AMERICAN SCENE

What Mr. King Did in New York

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

In making this information clearly and easily available, in advertising it as convincingly as it knows how, Canada is fulfilling a legitimate duty to itself. Thus, without interfering in American domestic problems, it is at the same time profoundly affecting the American mind and American foreign policy.

The success of last week's affair, for Canada and the Allied war effort generally and for Mr. King personally, does not completely solve the problem. It does not in fact repair the damage which has been wrought by our fumbling and delay, because no one makes amends for time lost—time lost in the crystallization of American public opinion behind the President's foreign policy.

Nor does last week's success mean that we have completely convinced

the American people for the duration. Our effort to put the facts before the American people must be a continuing one. They must always feel the rhythm of our work and sacrifice.

This is not a distasteful task. The American people welcome our news; they want to know about us, how we feel and what we are doing. I am sure not one person in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria was visited by the uneasiness of being a stranger in a foreign land. We felt we were among warm friends who were glad to have us in their midst, eager to hear about us and much concerned with our welfare. The flags of Canada and the United States blended

well in the warmth of the atmosphere.

We proved too that we not only have the facts to lay with pride before the American people, we also have men who can do it with inspiration. Mackenzie King's speech last night was shrewd and factual and rich with the heady flavor of eloquence.

"We believe that everything which free men value and cherish, on this side of the grave, is in peril in this war. The right of men, rich and poor, to be treated as men; the right of men to make the laws by which they shall be governed; the right of men to work where they will at what they will; the right of womanhood to the serenity and sanctity of the home; the right of children to play in safety under peaceful heav-

ens; the right of old men and women to the tranquillity of their sunset; the right to speak the truth in our hearts; the right to worship in our own way the God in whom we believe.

"We know that if we lose this fight, all fruits will wither and fall from the tree of liberty. But we shall not lose it. We shall not lose it because the people of Britain stand and will stand in undaunted fortitude and magnificent resistance. We shall not lose it because, although some nations may lie crushed today, their souls can never be destroyed. We shall not lose it because we on this continent of North America, who have been the pioneers of the frontiers of freedom, have already begun to stamp out the prairie fire of tyranny, anarchy and barbarism which every day draws closer to our homes."

No finer words have been spoken in behalf of our common democracy during this war. No words have been delivered with more conviction. Mackenzie King did an inspired job. It is his further duty to see to it that his words continue to vibrate in the consciousness of the American people until this task we have undertaken has been crowned with victory.

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Make your next 18 holes a game to be remembered — play North British Golf Balls!



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"Thomas Bata"

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ON BEHALF OF THE VICTORY LOAN, 1941

THE WEEK IN RADIO

Those Finance Broadcasts Were Good

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

LISTENING to some people talk on the radio you'd never dream that sincere efforts are being made by the people who direct Canadian radio to improve the speaking habits of radiators.

The CBC, for example, publishes a "tip-sheet" for radio talkers. It runs something like this:

"Don't orate or lecture. Be sincere.

"Don't patronize your audience. Don't use the term 'friends of the radio audience.'

"The first minute is the crucial one. Try to put a triple punch into it.

"Break up your sentences. Keep it conversational.

"Talk just like you talk to your milkman, your grocer or a child.

"Don't be afraid to repeat your lines.

"Avoid references to time, like 'in the time at my disposal'.

"Try to 'see' the people you are talking to.

"Take some deep breaths before you begin to speak.

"If you want to sneeze or cough, or if you feel a frog in your throat, say 'excuse me' and push your head under the table.

"If you have nothing to say, don't attempt to say it."

HERE and there across Canada some complaints have been made about the series of Friday night broadcasts sponsored by the Federal Department of Finance in aid of the war savings and Victory loan campaigns.

"Why do we have to bring American radio artists to Canada to help us raise our war budget?" they ask.

There are no complaints about the orchestras on these shows. They are purely Canadian. The production and the direction of the broadcasts is without criticism. But why, they ask, aren't Canadian stars used instead of Paul Whiteman, Alex. Templeton, Singing Sam, and Burns and Allan?

Well, at the risk of sticking our neck right out, let's look at the facts. In the first place are there any artists in Canada of the calibre of those who have generously come to us, without fee, to help our war effort? In the second place, the main purpose of these shows has been to build up an audience so that the war appeal might be made to the biggest possible numbers. In the third place, these shows prove beyond question that, given good entertainers, Canada can produce as good radio shows as they produce in United States.

To Ernie Bushnell, George Taggart and the committee of Canadian advertising men who arranged this series of programs . . . salute!

AROUND seven o'clock in the evening last Wednesday week we listened to the short-wave broadcast from Ankara while the newsmen there told of the new agreement between Germany and Turkey. Half an hour later on the streets we overheard a man say that he'd just heard on the radio a report that Germany had invaded Russia at fifteen points. Two hours later the first edition of the Toronto morning paper came on the streets and it, too, carried stories, reportedly from Reuters, about the German clash of arms with Russia. The banner headline said that Germany had actually invaded Russia at fifteen points.

The next morning the reports were denied. They weren't true at all. There had been some diplomatic demands. There had been a cleavage. But the story of the invasion at fifteen points disappeared into thin air. Here is a specific case where both radio and the press jumped off the deep end. Both would have been better advised to be a little more restrained until the news was more definite. It doesn't do radio or the press any good to make boners like that.

HUGH MORRISON, director of talks for the CBC, has done a useful service in bringing to the microphone a series of distinguished people who have been in Britain and Europe and seen the devastating effects of war. In the series, "We have been there," Bob Bowman was heard a week ago Sunday, John Bird, of the Winnipeg Tribune, last Sunday, and the speaker for next Sunday is James Macdonald Minifie of the New York Herald Tribune. Minifie is a Canadian. He comes from Saskatchewan. He was in the Savoy Hotel in London when it was bombed, and now lacks one eye as a result of a shrapnel wound.

I FIND the voice of Albert Spalding on the Coca-Cola program Sundays interesting. There's something curious about it. It's strange that a violinist with a world reputation like Spalding should turn into a master of ceremonies for a commercial show, good as it is. This sponsor pays big money for his show. When the fall series opens on September 28, Lily Pons will open it, and her fee for one show is \$5,000. When Paul Robeson sings on this same show on June 29, he pockets \$2500. When you buy a "coke," your nickel helps to pay these fat fees.

It's interesting to see that radio

in United States may appoint a Will Hayes or a Judge Landis of radio. The name of James A. Farley, former Postmaster General, has been suggested. There's no question that both Will Hayes and Judge Landis have done great things for the movies and baseball, and if Jim Farley or anyone else could do something to clean up radio of its objectionable features, it would be a good thing for both audiences and sponsors.

Canadian radio could do with a dictator who would, for instance, eliminate from the air-waves those soft and cooing love songs at eight o'clock in the morning. There's a place for love songs. Don't mistake me. But eight o'clock in the morning isn't it.

A CORRESPONDENT asks "When do you think television will be here?" Well, it's just ten years ago that I wrote a feature story for a Canadian weekly in which I predicted with all the assurance in the world that television was "just around the corner." I got my information from Lee Forrest and Dave Sarnoff in New York. Ten years later we must report that the hope for television is very dim. The war has something to do with it. The people who market ordinary radios have something to do with it. The cost of television is an important factor. But in any event, before we have television in our homes, we'll have it in moving picture theatres, and the cost of installing television equipment in a movie house is just \$30,000.

CORRESPONDENT Mabel F. Lovelace, of Windsor, writes: "Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if we could have a quarter hour radio program here in Canada like the one Ted Malone puts on for Good Housekeeping on the NBC? They pay ten dollars for every poem he reads on the air, and also pay for the ones accepted by the magazine. It could be sponsored by some manufacturer or publication here. I think poetry should be saved against the day when swords may again be beaten into plowshares."

If this correspondent only knew it, we've had a fondness for Ted Malone for many years. He understands the technique of radio as very few people do. The way he comes into your front room with that quiet "hello" is so welcome after those pompous radio talkers who blast away with "Ladies and Gentlemen of the radio audience," when all the time they're just talking to a couple of people on the chesterfield or in the back kitchen.

The rest is chatter: George Weston Ltd. is going to bring to the Canadian air-waves a series of broadcasts depicting the life of Winston Churchill. . . Evangelist Homer Rodeheaver wants to buy a radio station at Winona Lake, Indiana. . . Geoffrey Waddington is back in Toronto from Winnipeg and has launched a new series of Gilbert and Sullivan plays. . . Can that be the same Louise King on the Lucky Strike program who was once with Ferde Mowry's band in Toronto? . . . Young Patricia Bailey has developed into one of Canada's finest radio artists. . . Raymond Gram Swing will leave for Lisbon on July 1, to be away for three weeks, and will broadcast from England, like Elmer Davis. . . That was a remarkable program a week ago when a group of young Americans spoke to their fathers at the U.S. Embassy in London, by trans-Atlantic radio. . . Feature of the New York programs last week was a remarkable dramatic story, with music, depicting America's preparations for blackouts. . . The BBC is planning to increase its talks from United States and has lined up Dorothy Thompson, Vincent Sheean, Elmer Davis, Albert Warner and others as speakers. . . Don Ameche will be master of ceremonies on the Kraft show starting July 17. . . Those Quiz Kids recently defeated five University of Chicago professors in a word battle on the air. . .

MUSICAL EVENTS

Modern British Composers

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

EVERYWHERE one turns among U.S. musical publications one finds references to movements for the encouragement of modern American music. This is no doubt as it should be, so long as undue emphasis is not laid on modernity, which, in the minds of too many composers, merely means "something different."

In Great Britain during the present century and especially during the past twenty years, there has been in progress with no visible forcing-house methods a real renaissance of music, the fruits of which are increasingly in evidence on orchestral and vocal programs. Last week on the first section of the Proms program at Varsity Arena, three modern works by British composers were heard that were unquestionably fascinating, imaginative and memorable. They were representative of many other compositions, unmistakably British in feeling and atmosphere with which the world is becoming familiar. The process of revival has been gradual; in its way an object lesson to United States enthusiasts, who think a school of national music that concert goers will accept can be created by clamor. It really began fifty years ago when a group of highly trained musicians decided to try to effect a renaissance by giving music a definite connection with British literature. They were Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Frederick Cowen, Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Arthur Goring Thomas.

The importance of their work lay not so much in what they did themselves, as in the harvest that has resulted from the seed they sowed. They had an uneasy feeling that British music had too long been somnolent under the spell of German genius, which reached the highest expression it ever will attain, in the 19th century. Stanford, though an idolator of Brahms, was anxious that British composers should create music that was intimately characteristic of their own land and people.

It was not realized in 1890 that the only man who was creating inimitable music that would become a definitely English heritage was Sir Arthur Sullivan, and that not in a serious vein but in the field of light opera. The attempt to re-establish the union between British poetry and British music which had existed in Elizabethan and Jacobean times had some rather dull results, but it brought forth Parry's settings of Milton, most famous of which is the great choral ode "Blest Pair of Sirens." The folksong movement, which began at the same time, undoubtedly broadened the outlook of composers; and the demand for richer and more individual expression brought forth almost immediately such men as Coleridge Taylor and Elgar; and within this century, composers like Vaughan-Williams, Gustav Holst, Frederic Delius, George Butterworth, Peter Warlock, William Walton, Arthur Benjamin, and many others.

Double Octet Accompanies

Though the compositions presented by Mr. Stewart last week may not rank as great music, they are vital, stimulating, and never commonplace. "Great," indeed, is a hollow term in connection with music, for if there is one fact clearly established it is that it is impossible for the best qualified critics to assess greatness immediately on its appearance. The spectacle of the highly gifted Gounod laughing at Cesar Franck's pretensions has been paralleled on countless occasions. The best that a countess can do is to try and measure the stimulus and appeal to imagination that an unfamiliar work may contain.

The most impressive of these works was Vaughan-Williams' song cycle, "On Wenlock Edge," based on six lyrics from A. E. Housman's "Shropshire Lad," now safely on the road to immortality. I confess that I was baffled by the phrase in the first song, "ashes under Uricon" un-

til I learned next day that Uriconium was the ancient Roman name of Wroxeter. The cycle dates back to 1909 and was the precursor of much noble and racy music from the same hand. The idea of using a string quartet with piano for the accompaniment reveals the composer's originality, and his settings show skill and sensitive understanding as well as variety and melody. The string quartet would have been lost in the vast spaces of the Arena, and Mr. Stewart conceived the happy idea of substituting a double octet of eight violins, four violas and four cellos, which under his baton acquitted themselves beautifully. Without a tenor of superior gifts as interpreter, the cycle would lose much of its significance, but fortunately the Australian John Dudley has not only a voice of appealing quality and a perfect diction, but also intellectual and temperamental gifts. His sense of modulation and of the subtleties of rhythm was manifest at all times. Mr. Dudley has already won recognition at the Metropolitan and the warmth and tenderness of the much-abused Flower Song from "Carmen" as he sang it proved his aptitude for opera.

To many followers of the Proms the summer would not seem the same unless Mr. Stewart played Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony, and his rendering on this occasion was capital—the best he has yet provided.

G. and S. Back on the Air

A few years ago, when Rupert D'Oyly Carte decided to send his company to New York to play Gilbert and Sullivan, the privilege of presenting their operas over radio was suspended in America. Last year, after war had disrupted all theatrical plans, it was restored. That is the reason why Canadian listeners after a long interval are again permitted to hear the foremost comic musical classics in the English language. Under an able conductor, Geoffrey Waddington, who has returned to Toronto after three years' experience as regional director for CBC at Winnipeg, a series of productions has now been presented on the national network every Monday evening from Toronto. So far "Pinafore" and "Pirates of Penzance" have been given and it is the intention to proceed with the whole joyous cycle. Mr. Waddington is himself remarkably well equipped for his task and has an adequate orchestra and vocal forces under his command. The soloists in-



Scott Malcom and Reginald Godden, players of two-piano works, will be guest soloists at the Prom. Concert, Varsity Arena, Thursday, July 3.



One of the American Airlines' Flagships which inaugurated air service between Toronto and Buffalo and New York early this week. Three flights a day will be made from Malton airport near Toronto and connections will be made for Washington, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, other U.S. centres.

clude some of the best Toronto talent, already familiar with work of this kind—Jeanne Pengelly, Eileen Law, William Morton, Fred Manning, Norman Cherrie, and Alex. Maurice. In the "Pinafore" production, Mr. Manning was admirable in the lyrics of Sir Joseph Porter, and Eileen Law, though her name has

been made in oratorio, was a capital *Little Buttercup*. At a time when radio and newspapers are inevitably devoting an immense amount of attention to the war, the humor of Gilbert and Sullivan, which under these circumstances may be termed "escapist," is a tonic to public morale of inestimable value.



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A Century of Struggle

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY AT KINGSTON, by D. D. Calvin, Macmillan, \$2.50.

THIS record of the first hundred years in the life of Queen's University has been written by Mr. D. D. Calvin as a part of the centenary celebrations which that foundation will hold this year. It is written in a plain and easy style, it is brief, and it is livelier than is usual in works of this kind. Queen's and its graduates may thank Mr. Calvin for an excellent history, written with love and understanding, and future students of education in Canada will find his book full of valuable information.

The history of Queen's is primarily a tale of struggle. Financial difficulties threatened to kill the university almost before it began; the tale of those early wrangles with Arch-deacon (later Bishop) Strachan is a spirited and revealing one. The Rev. Thomas Liddell, the first Principal, was a scholar rather than a

fighter, and his timidity and the coldness of his successor, the Rev. John Machar, almost wrecked the Presbyterian university. The middle years of the nineteenth century, despite the efforts of the Rev. William Snodgrass, were years of bitter anxiety, and only the devotion of a handful of men kept Queen's together. It was not until 1877, when the Rev. George Monro Grant became Principal, that Queen's found a man who was able to cope with the burden of her many disabilities. Grant's days were the great days of Queen's; he saw the necessity for a break from the ties of the Presbyterian Church; he saw, (who could not see it?) the desperate need for money, and he got the money; he saw the need for real scholarship and great teaching, and he gathered about him men who could satisfy that need. He was the soul of Queen's and his memory and his tradition is still treasured there.

Since Grant Queen's has had a good and devoted Principal in the Rev. Daniel Miner Gordon, and two brilliant Principals in the Rev. Bruce Taylor and William Hamilton Fyfe, surely the wittiest university head ever to be seen in Canada. His frivolity was singularly endearing in an atmosphere where life was real and earnest and the grave appeared to be its inevitable, if not immediate, goal. The appointment of Dr. Wallace to fill Fyfe's shoes was a life-saver for Queen's; it takes a Canadian, and a Canadian of exceptional gifts, to understand Canadian students and to get the best from them. Dr. Wallace fills the bill.

University histories are apt to be staid. No Queen's man will read Mr. Calvin's book without annotating the margins heavily with reminiscences and scraps of gossip. . . . Perhaps Queen's may have another history some day, written by a Canadian Anthony à Wood.

History and the Destiny of America

BY STEWART C. EASTON

THE PRODIGIOUS CARIBBEAN. Columbus to Roosevelt, with 19 illustrations, by Rosita Forbes. Cassell, \$4.50.

MISS ROSITA FORBES is unequalled as a writer of travel books. Endowed with rare qualities of perception and a retentive and encyclopaedic memory, and equipped with a terse epigrammatic style which gives her writing individuality, she makes everything that she describes come alive to the reader. But she is also a student of history, ancient and contemporary, and I am inclined to wonder whether her virtues are not only wasted in this field, but become positively vices. Her principal gift is her intuition, and history perceived intuitively, is apt to become superficial. Facts, if they do not conform to the *a priori* assumption, are made conveniently to fit. The method has its charms, since it is most certainly stimulating to the imagination, but the lazy and the unwary and the uninformed may take the pictures for realistic photography when in truth they may only be the attractive conception of the artist.

Her inaccuracies may not be many, but they cannot fail to be symptomatic, and so lose the complete confidence of the reader. She tells, for instance, of how Columbus in his

journeys to the west, was seeking Cathay, the kingdom of the Grand Khan of Tartary. Now Cathay, or China, was not conquered by the Khans, who in any case had themselves been conquered by Timur nearly a century before. Timur himself died on the way to conquer Cathay, and his successors had turned back. She speaks of Islam as "ruling by popular will," as distinct from Catholicism which enforced its rule. Islam of course had done its conquering in exactly the same style, but nearly 1000 years earlier. About American history, like most of the English, she is again misinformed. The French certainly

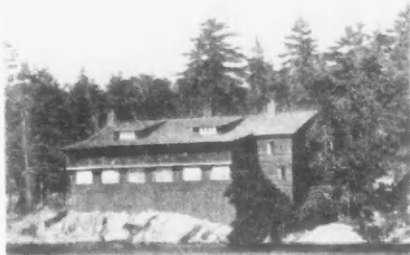
assisted the "rebels" in 1781 and materially contributed to their victory. These latter, to the "loyalists" were not, as she insists, "revolutionaries," but "rebels." Again, in speaking of "militant prophets," such as Mahomet, Lenin, and Hitler, she includes Confucius, who, poor man, must have turned in his grave at such an accusation. These things, perhaps small in themselves, nevertheless set up in us a doubt as to whether she can be relied upon in her general interpretations of history.

Miss Forbes' main thesis, following Madariaga, is that Columbus was a Jew, and for this she makes out an excellent case. Psychologically it is

Saturday Night's Literary Quiz

IF WE may judge by the popularity of quizzes of various kinds during the past year there are a great many people who are happiest when they are puzzled. SATURDAY NIGHT presents a Literary Quiz, therefore, hoping that some readers at least will find it interesting. This first one is very easy; if readers want harder quizzes or if they have any suggestions to make we shall be glad to hear from them if they will write to The Bookshelf. In the quiz which follows you are asked to give the poem from which each quotation is taken, and its author, scoring five for each correct answer. A score of 80 is perfect, but 40 is not bad in hot weather. Answers on Page 29

- (1) *Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.*
- (2) *When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears
Dare he laugh his work to see?
Dare he who made the lamb make thee?*
- (3) *I the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp
In three sips the Arrian frustrate;
While he drains his at one gulp!*
- (4) *I think I could turn and live with the animals, they are so
placid and self-contain'd;
I stand and look at them long and long.*
- (5) *Heard on Laverna Scargill's whispering trees
And pined by Arno for my lover's Tees;*
- (6) *Peace, peace, he is not dead, he doth not sleep
He hath awakened from the dream of life*
- (7) *And all her heart
Is a woven part
Of the flurry and drift
Of whirling snow;*
- (8) *Then I said, "O brother-in-law to Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher,
Who seasonest also the skins of Canadian owls,
Thou callest trousers 'pants', whereas I call them 'trousers',
Therefore thou art in hell fire and may the Lord pity thee."*



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convincing, though her continued insistence that his heart was set on a new crusade to Jerusalem and that this was the central cure of his faith, sometimes strains our credulity. She compares the character of Columbus with that of President Roosevelt, who, she suggests, is his true successor, with all his vision and all his uncertainty as to what place his legacy is to take in the world. Hitler and his Gestapo she compares with "Holy Spain" and its Inquisition, with the same determination and the same certainty that only its "kultur" is worth spreading. The whole book is a subtle attempt to point out the path of America's destiny, and though I think she is unfair in her analysis of the reasons for the average American's dislike of war, she has some very shrewd things to say, and things which needed saying. I like her remark that "Europe repays work as inevitable, and the U.S. has raised it, with commodity value, to something not only essential, but cultural and religious." Yes, in this round she has a better appreciation and understanding of this continent than too many of her countrymen, and her witty and ironical book will certainly repay an intelligent and careful study.

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YOUR true lover of the theatre does not merely go to the play as often as he is able; he also reads about it. He torments himself with speculation as to whether his darling is dying of neglect, or is being put to lewd uses by base men. He is eager to know what the latest plays are, who acts in them, and what success they have had with those pernickety arbiters of dramatic fashion, the critics. When he cannot buy theatre seats he buys books. Here are a few recent books which lovers of the theatre will find interesting.

The most important recent book about the theatre is undoubtedly *The Dramatic Imagination* by Robert Edmond Jones, the celebrated designer. In this small book of essays (Collins, \$2.50) Mr. Jones unlocks his heart with words and tells us what he thinks about the modern theatre and what he thinks will happen to the theatre in the future. Like every sensible man he loathes the photographic realism which has infected so much theatrical work during the last hundred years and insists that a renaissance of the imaginative theatre is near at hand. On every page he has something to say which warms the heart and fires the imagination. He treats the theatre fittingly, that is, as a great and solemn mystery, which must not be disgraced. Mr. Jones is no scholar like his contemporary, Lee Simonson, and some of his history is faulty, but we eagerly forgive his minor faults in our gratitude for his artistic integrity and common sense. This is a book which no serious student of the theatre can afford to neglect. It will repay reading and re-reading.

Popular histories of the theatre are two-a-penny but I do not know of any which is really satisfactory. There seem to be two distinct classes among theatre lovers; there are the scholars, who know the history of the theatre but are ignorant of its real atmosphere and workings, and there are the practical men of the theatre who know what makes the wheels go round but who have only the most superficial knowledge of the theatre's background. *A Pageant of the Theatre* by Edmund Fuller (Oxford, \$3.00) is another unsatisfactory history; Mr. Fuller has no comprehensive knowledge of theatrical history and no flair.

LET us now consider five recent plays, all of which are published by Macmillans at \$2.50 a volume. Criticism of these as literature is not necessary or desirable, for the book of a play is no more a completed creation than the score of a symphony is a completed piece of music. Those who love plays must read these for themselves, for we in Canada cannot hope to see them all given life in the only satisfactory way, that is, in the theatre. The New York critics have already thrown up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered a deal of stinking breath about these plays and who am I to gainsay them?

THE BOOKSHELF

A Paradise of Dainty Devices

First there is *The Little Foxes* by Lillian Hellman, who is, on the strength of this and *The Children's Hour*, considered one of America's best playwrights. This is a refreshingly unsexy drama about a woman who bests her two shrewd brothers in a business deal, and gets rid of her uncongenial husband at the same time. Reading this play one suspects it of being watered-down Ibsen, but, if one must water down somebody, who better than Old Schnapps? It is the construction and the economy of this play which really compel admiration. Miss Hellman is clearly an author who will do big things.

Next in the present accumulation is *Lavender And Old Lace* by Joseph Kesselring, which is as pretty a bit of gruesome fun as I have met with in some time. It concerns a family of charming homicides, one of whom thinks he is Theodore Roosevelt. I shall not tell the story, as you must read it and scare yourself. But I have a bone to pick with Mr. Kesselring: one of the characters is said to bear a strong resemblance to Boris Karloff; the fact that Mr. Karloff played this part in the New York production may have had something to do with this; the point is positively harped on. Now that means that no one else will ever be able to play that role successfully for, mercifully, nobody looks like Mr. Karloff except himself. What, I ask Mr. Kesselring, would have happened to *Hamlet* if the other characters in the tragedy had continually reminded the Prince of his resemblance to Burbage? That is no way to write immortal drama, Mr. Kesselring.

THE same flaw, if it is a flaw, afflicts *My Dear Children* by Catherine Turney and Jerry Horwin, much more markedly. This dull interlude was fashioned as a 'vehicle' (apparently a sort of garbage-truck) for John Barrymore. Mr. Barrymore last appeared on Broadway in *Hamlet* in 1923, upon which occasion he delighted his audiences for 101 nights. In this, his return performance, he appears as an aging actor who has been married many times and who is confronted for the first time with the fruit of his alliances, three daughters. The plot is negligible; the play is merely an excuse for Mr. Barrymore to appear in his greatest role as the maddest wag and veriest lolpoop who ever wore a sock on one foot and a buskin on the other. A feature of this play, in production, was Mr. Barrymore's habit of injecting witticisms of his own into the dialogue. Many of his gems have been printed in the text and I confess that I was quite able to keep my countenance when I read them; impromptus should never be printed. This play leaves one with a feeling that it is a great pity about John Barrymore; a great pity indeed.

Miss Clare Boothe's comedy *Kiss The Boys Good-Bye* is more interesting as a revelation of the daedal mind of Miss Boothe than as a drama. Miss Boothe, as you know, moves in the most sophisticated New York society, and she was accused of having pilloried some of her bright friends in this play; certainly it contains a recognizable caricature of the late contentious columnist, Heywood Broun. Miss Boothe protests in her Preface that the play was written as a warning against the danger of Fascism in the U.S. If that was her intention her execution of it is deplorable. The play, which quite obviously satirizes the choosing of an actress for the role of Scarlett O'Hara in the film of *Gone With The Wind*, is about as nasty, repulsive and degenerate a lot of people as I have ever encountered between the covers of a book. Compared with this, *Tobacco Road* was just another *Peg O' My Heart*.

FINALLY we come to the extremely popular musical play, *Lady In The Dark*, by Moss Hart, with lyrics by Ira Gershwin. The Lady is the editor of a great fashion magazine, and she

is in the dark because her love-life is all askew. To settle her difficulties she goes to a psycho-analyst, who fixes things for her. The handling of psycho-analysis in this play is enough to make Sigmund Freud whirl in his grave like a teetotum, but it is good drama. Musicals are impossible to judge from the prose text alone, but this one is far above the average, and several of the lyrics are brilliant as verse, divorced from their tunes.

A LAST reflection on stage directions: why must they be so copious? A description of the stage setting is needed by the reader, but must every

character be described as though in a novel? And why do playwrights, many of whom have had a few years of schooling and know better, treat the third person singular, present tense, of the verb *exit* so brutally. 'He exits,' they write, with no discernible sense of guilt; or worse still, 'They exit!' Why mess with Latin, ladies and gentlemen, if you cannot do any better than that? Why not just say 'They go out'?

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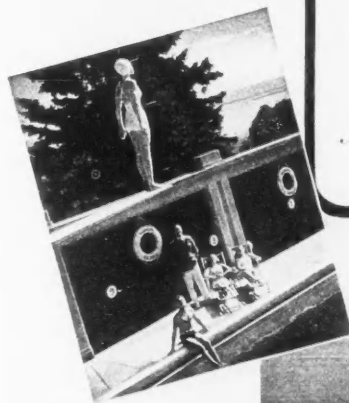
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WORLD OF WOMEN

Pick a Number, Please

BY BERNICE COFFEY

THE passion for privacy can be carried altogether too far when it comes to house numbers that aren't there. Perhaps unknown to us there has grown up a feeling that the candid display of a house number is as vulgar in its way as a highway sign that spells out "E.A.T.S" in red neon lettering. If you live in one of the new rather posh districts given to winding crescents, dead-end-streets and uncertain country street lighting, give a thought to the identification of your house with a number. Better give another thought if there have been a number of unsolved disappearances among your friends.

Among the more piquant experi-

ences occurring as a result of this peculiar situation is that of a man who, invited to spend the evening at a rather dull friend's house, took a sporting chance and entered a house outside of which a lot of cars were parked. Neither his host or hostess seemed to be around but he spent a surprisingly enjoyable evening. It wasn't until the next day that he learned that his friend lived in the next block—a fact that he did not permit to interfere with a beautiful friendship he had struck up with the charming brunette he had escorted home.

More harrowing experiences include that of another man who was discovered, flashlight in hand, investigating the front door of a secluded house. The circumstances were against him, and even he admits that his story of trying to find the house number must have sounded pretty unconvincing to the police when they arrived.

All of which is by way of telling of a new type of house number which, while making house-hunting less of an appeal to those with sporting blood, is a nice gesture toward callers. These numbers are made of Lucite and may soon be available in Canada. They are illuminated by the reflection of lights from street-lamps or cars, and you've probably seen their brothers marking out the highway as you come to sharp road curves when driving at night. They are made of a number of small saucer-shaped discs and can be seen in clear outline, whether from the front or at some distance on either side. The principle, so they say, is the same as that used in lighthouses to "attain a balance between light control and a wide angle of vision"—a fact that should clinch any argument about their merits, but don't ask us to explain it.

Over the Table

Canny shoppers examine damask linens to see whether an excess of starch or China clay has been applied after manufacture to give the damask a deceptive stiffness which washes right out after the first con-

tact with water. Before buying, professional laundries suggest rubbing a bit of the linen damask between the fingers. If a fine, powdery dust comes off, too much China clay or starch is present.

Women at the Wheel

The women who drive and operate the mobile tea-kitchens wherever they are needed in Great Britain, are all unpaid volunteers and they talk a lot about the soldiers but it's hard to get them to talk about themselves, says Elspeth Huxley in one of her letters. Yet they're doing a real war job—keeping eight hundred canteens on the road, between them, in all sorts of weather without ever missing a day or disappointing a group of men.

The boss of No. 833 is a Canadian woman—Clare Millais, née Macdonell, daughter of the late Allan R. Macdonell of Montreal. Her husband is an English artist of repute, Hesketh Raoul le Jardey Millais, a grandson of the famous artist of the last century, Sir John Millais. Raoul Millais is a painter who has won fame, in particular, for his animal pictures.

Right now, Captain Millais is serving with his regiment, the Scots Guards. Funnily enough, says Miss Huxley, the first time I saw specimens of his work was on the banks of the Upper Nile, in a dank little rest-house amid papyrus swamps inhabited by snakes and crocodiles. Captain Millais was immured in the rest-house while his companion, with whom he'd gone big-game hunting, fought down a bout of malaria fever; so to while away his time, the artist scratched pictures of elephants and rhinos on the plaster walls.

Mrs. Millais has as chief helper an Englishwoman who has travelled a lot on the American continent—Mrs. Cox-Cox, wife of Colonel Gordon Cox-Cox, a well-known polo player and horseman in prewar days, who is now commanding his regiment in General Wavell's army in the Middle East.

These two women take it in turns to drive the tea kitchen on alternate days, assisted by a helper each.

A Matter of Taste

IT IS a matter of little moment whether Herman Goering has cornered for his own use—along with the country's perfumes—the loot of France's vineyards and wine-cellars. What does concern many Canadians of epicurean taste is the fact that the present supply of French wines in this country will not be replenished for a long time to come.

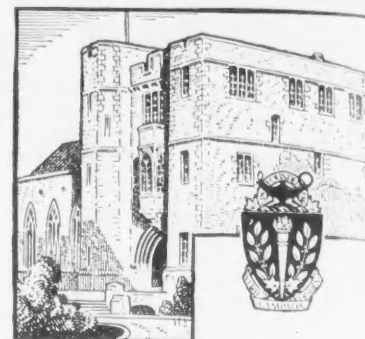
Now we don't pretend to believe that stoppage of supplies of imported wines ranks in importance with, for instance, a failure of the butter market although there may be those who are prepared to dispute the point. However it does concern those with a flair for cooking in the grand manner at little cost those knowing ones who add a dash of sherry to the consommé, or who know which bottle to reach for in order to give an Escoffier-like touch to a dish of unpretentious origin. And the moaning at the bar will be joined by those who feel that it is not fitting that a bride should be toasted in any beverage of less distinction than champagne bubbling up through hollow-stemmed glasses.

It should be remembered, though, that grapes do not grow only on the French hillsides. They grow in Canada, too, and acres of the carefully tended vines heavy with clusters of the fruit ripen slowly under the Canadian sun until September. That is the month when the vines are despoiled of their fruit which is taken away to give of its juicy ripeness to the wine-presses.

Once the juice has been extracted

from the grapes, there's an atmosphere of almost cloistered calm about a winery for most of the life of a wine is spent in wooden vats of incredible size hidden deep down in dark, silent cellars. Some of the vats hold as much as fifty-five thousand gallons. It is in these that the wine goes through fermentation, pasteurization, clearing and aging—all stages which take a long time before its debut as sparkling burgundy, tawny sherry, ruby-colored port, champagne dancing with bubbles inside the crystal glass on the dinner table. There's an inescapable air of romance to the making of wine whether it be in France or here in Canada—perhaps because it is one of man's oldest occupations, this magic storing up of the sunshine in the grape.

Bits of incidental information: If you've ever wondered during visits to the Continent why every Jean in every little bistro is—or was—able to have wine with his meal at the cost of a few centimes, the explanation lies in the fact that this cheap wine came from a second pressing of the grapes. . . . The glass of the gold-necked bottle from which champagne is poured is about three times as thick as that of an ordinary beverage bottle. It has to be, otherwise the pressure of the lively wine inside would cause it to break into fragments. And if the cork withdraws easily without a loud resounding pop! speak severely to the head-waiter for the champagne is not all it should be. . . . A "good year" depends on nothing more esoteric than the amount of sun served up by the weatherman during the months when the grapes are ripening on the vine.



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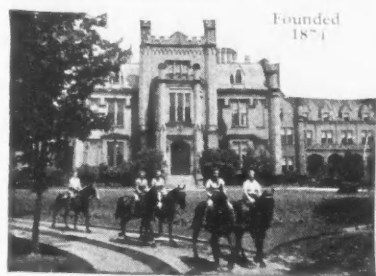
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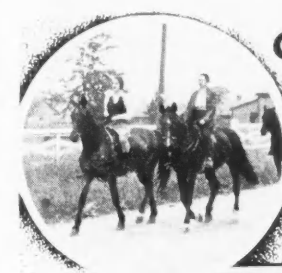
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WORLD OF WOMEN

"'Lady' For Sure"

BY LEONORA McNEILLY

TWO ladies in an open roadster swung into the grounds of the Guite Log Cabins at New Richmond, Gaspe, seeking accommodation for the night. Through an avenue of white spruce, Mr. Guite led them to the finest and largest of the cabins which opened onto the beautiful Cascapedia. There he left them to dress for dinner.

Returning to the office, he approached his wife with a fine attempt to suppress undue elation. "We've a nice car in tonight," he said. A nice blue car—an open roadster—and a couple of ladies. They'll want dinner."

Mrs. Guite bustled away. When she returned, the ladies were seated in the quaint dining-room. Memory of photographs she had seen, stirred within her. Almost instantly she recognized one of her guests. In a furore, she rushed out, spread the news amongst her guests.

"It's Mrs. Roosevelt," she whispered, striving to be calm.

In the twinkling of an eye, every door and window was manned. Family pictures, the guest register, potted plants, suddenly became objects of peculiar interest as from these vantage points surreptitious glances were thrown at the charming wife of the President of the United States who had selected this quaint, isolated and beautiful coast of Gaspe as a stopping off place while enroute to Maine.

Night passed. Morning came, her incognito still respected. But the Cabin was on the qui vive. After breakfast, Mrs. Guite naively asked her guest if she would "please sign the register." America's "first lady of the land" hesitated, smiled, then took up her pen. And presto! The cat was admittedly out of the bag.

"I knew you at once," Mrs. Guite said as she read: "Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt" on the little Gaspesian register.

Mrs. Roosevelt laughed. Her secretary shook her finger at her. "I told

you so," she said. "I knew last night that they had recognized you."

"Come then," said Mrs. Roosevelt graciously, "and we'll have some snapshots." And arranging the Guite family with herself, they were photographed together.

"I found my trip around the Gaspe coast one of the most beautiful ever taken," she told them later when she sat chatting with the proprietor and his wife. "We like Gaspe. We like the people. They are so pleasant and polite and hospitable."

"And you speak good French—as good as we do," interjected Mr. Guite. "And ah," he said, rubbing his hands together gleefully, "I see you send postal card to the President from here. That is good publicit-ee."

They were barely on their way home when wires began to buzz. Word was passed along to the little villages that Mrs. Roosevelt was coming. Every window enroute was requisitioned, one lady of distinction reserving a seat in a general store window. It was a gala day for Gaspe.

Then a blowout occurred. The services of a garage man were secured.

"Mon Dieu!" burst from him upon his return. "You don't know what was the car I towed in. It was ze Lady Roosevelt."

"Mais non, Pierre! Ze United States she democateek. She not like 'Lady.' She like 'Madame.'"

Pierre shrugged, frowned. "But yes, she is 'lady' for sure. That's the way I takes it, me."

The distinguished traveller and her companion were respectfully and solicitously followed until they reached Cross Point. During a wait of forty minutes for the Campbellton, N.B. ferry, they were discovered sitting on the shore enjoying a quiet lunch in picnic fashion.

"Mon Dieu!" gasped an awed spectator. "Just like one of ourselves. So plain—as plain as anything."

Mrs. Roosevelt passed out of their lives. But the wonder is still there, and the cabin too—re-christened The Roosevelt Cabin.

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They Educate Their Princes in Britain

BY NORMAN HILLSON

BEFORE Napoleon I died he had had time for long reflection. For six years he lived at Longwood in the dreary Island of St. Helena, which, if I may say so, really is a dreary island. During that period he set his mind to authorship on a grand scale. He dictated very many books. Others he wrote in his almost illegible hand. Throughout those six dismal years, which in themselves must have been years of penance and torture for a man who once not only rode roughshod over Europe, but also had an idea he could create a new world order, he spent a lot of time thinking about his will.

His Empire and panopoly of state had departed. His personal possessions were very few. His library, when it was sold in London, only realized a few miserable pounds. All he could leave behind of the least value to posterity as a personal bequest were ideas. He left them in plenty. Some were contemporaneous, and their usefulness ceased with the immediate passage of time. Others had more lasting value. And not least were the wishes he expressed for the education of his son, the unhappy King of Rome, Duke of Reichstadt. His love for his son was that modern dictator's great obsession. In his last testament he recorded that he desired that his heir should "always study history because it is the only true philosophy." And also that he should pay attention to the study of the English language.

Napoleon's Foresight

It has long been a tradition in international affairs that French is the language of diplomacy. It undoubtedly is. But, at the same time, there is no language quite so universal as our own. Napoleon was a realist. He understood in his moments of exile the ever increasing power which the British language would one day have in the development of the world. That accounted for his advice in regard to the boy

who he thought confidently would be second Emperor of the French. The lesson was not lost on the monarchs who reigned in Europe during the last century. In those tumultuous years which followed the settlement of a quarter of a century of war English governesses and English tutors were to be found in every court from St. Petersburg to Lisbon.

The late ex-Kaiser has left on record his debt to the "nanny" and "governess" whom his mother, daughter of Queen Victoria, introduced into the odd ninety palaces which the Hohenzollern house then possessed in Germany. They were both British. The ex-Kaiser was taught English as a second language with his native German, and, indeed, even in the intervals when he ceased from chopping wood in his damp estate of Doorn, his chief delight was to write essays in English. The former Crown Prince was likewise taught English. "Little Willie" saw that his own children also mastered the English tongue.

Olaf's British Background

The handsome heir to the throne of Norway, Prince Olaf, son of Princess Maud, was a scholar of repute and no undistinguished athlete at Oxford. Leopold of the Belgians has never forgotten the days of exile in the last war. He went to an English school. His sister Marie Jose was for years at a convent in South-West London, and, in happier days, never failed on her visits to England to call on the Mother Superior.

And so one may go on recording. Nicholas of Rumania, old Etonian. The Prince of Asturias, nominated by the late King Alfonso as the legitimate aspirant to the Spanish throne, was a midshipman in the Royal Navy and went to Dartmouth.

In fact it would be impossible to name any European Royal house which did not at one time or another owe something to British schools and universities in the education of their sons and daughters.

Elizabeth



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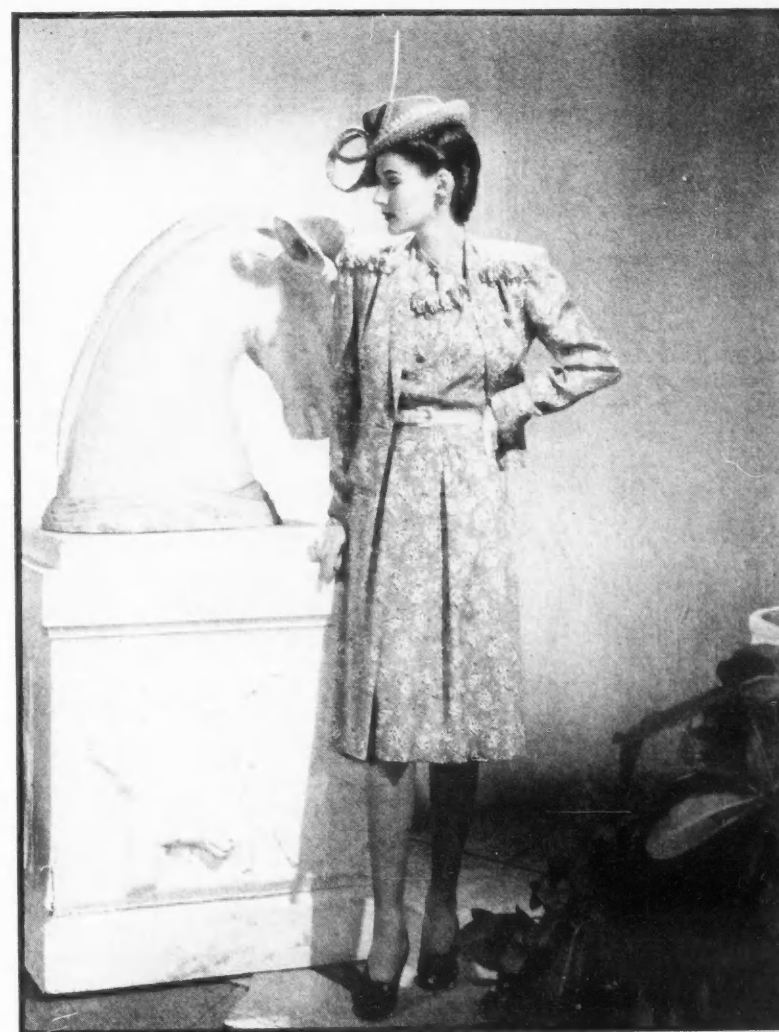
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London's Women in the Aftermath of a Blitz

LAST night a bomb twisted a spire above Big Ben. Today the great clock's voice rings out as clear as ever.

Last night in our basement we dressed wounds and washed plaster dust from faces of women who had run like mad things down our street from out a shelter bombed and burning.

They came out of the flame-licked smoke like lost souls out of hell, stumbling along blinded through

glass ankle-deep on the pavement. Bomb-shocked, they did not want to come indoors but begged to be allowed to stay in the open—hugging the walls as the guns thundered, another bomb fell from a plane that seemed to dive just overhead and more glass shattered into the shambles of the street.

Blood trickled in black streaks down their ash grey faces. Glass and falling beams had cut deep gashes under their plaster-whitened hair.

BY MOLLIE McGEE

Their shoes and dresses were in shreds but they turned back hoping to see families or friends rescued from the Hitler holocaust that flamed behind the windowless houses and jagged walls a block away.

We eventually got them downstairs. The doctor, who arrived with tin hat askew and his pyjama coat above his mud-streaked trousers, gave sedatives out of a case like a housewife he carried with a stethoscope in his overcoat pocket.

He sent two of the women immediately to hospital in his car on stretchers improvised from shutters. Others he left to the care of a tin-hatted, diminutive, white-faced nurse who told them to stay where they were, keep warm and "don't try to go home just yet." Then she too went back into the horrors of the night.

They sat swathed in blankets, silent, grimy, exhausted. Whistle and thud of bombs became less frequent, there were intervals of quiet between the gunfire, the hum of engines overhead died away. The All Clear announced the dawn. In the gray light they went off to see if their homes were still standing.

There was Mrs. Johnson and her typist daughter from the flats, two elderly sisters who live over the magazine shop near the corner, a stout grandmother whose soldier son owns the garage up a side street, and a thin quiet woman who runs the cigarette shop now her husband is with the navy.

At the Feeding Centre

Later I saw Mrs. Johnson and the cigarette woman again. They were among those who had been bombed out waiting their turn in the rest and feeding centre. All they owned were the glass and plaster-ruined clothes in which they sat. The typist daughter had borrowed a dress and shoes and gone to work.

The centre was a huge basement, and more than anything else resembled a barracks. Going downstairs from a burnt-out street one was very conscious that this was a clearing station behind the front line.

Against the distempered walls were piled mattresses and dark grey army blankets. Oilcloth-covered tables, with benches at each side, filled the centre of the floor;—groups sat around on kitchen chairs.

Off to the right was a combined office and kitchen, at the far end a First Aid Room—or Sick Bay. A huge fire burned in an old-fashioned iron grate at one side. The place was crowded but there was no feeling of tension, excitement or even impatience or resentment.

When I arrived the helpers were clearing the midday dinner dishes. What remained on the serving table looked appetizing: a stew, carrots, potatoes and apple turnovers.

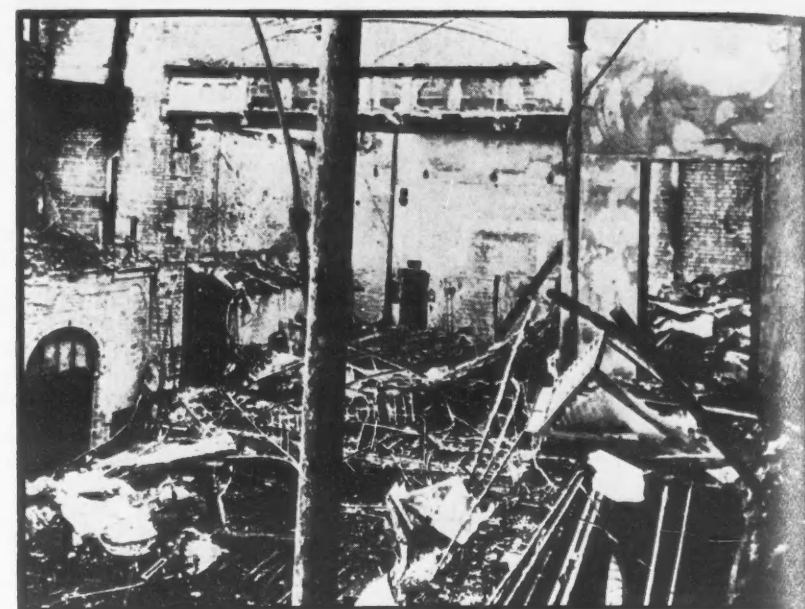
"We don't have many in for dinner they are mostly at work," a smock-clad helper explained. The majority of the people in the centre were old or middle-aged. About ten children played close to their mothers. Two bedraggled young women nursed babies in arms.

"Bombed Out Completely"

The Johnsons and their friend had been directed to the district centre by the policeman on duty outside the devastated houses. There they had gone through the routine of being registered and listed as "Bombed out completely, Requiring permanent billet."

Mrs. Johnson had had a cup of tea when she arrived in the morning. Then later, a breakfast of porridge, tea, bread and jam. There were sausages for the men who had to go to work.

An orange card she had safety-pinned inside her blouse pocket entitled Mrs. Johnson to meals in the centre. The Supervising Officer had said it would take about two days to establish her in new quarters—until then she would live in this basement. This was the borough shelter or-



The interior of St. George's Hall, London, after a Nazi blitz. It was the scene of many BBC broadcasts. Its famous organ was destroyed.

ganized and operated by the local Council—one of twenty-five in a ten-mile area.

The Supervisor had the kindly face of a cleric. He told me he had been a schoolmaster in the borough all his working life, as we sat at his trestle table desk and watched a volunteer worker make tea on a primus stove—while dishwashers went about their work in the scullery beyond her.

"This area has been most severely hit, but those people implore me not to move them away, they would rather stay in holes in walls. London is really a collection of small towns and villages—people want to die within eyesight of where they were born. We have some here today who have been bombed out four times but still insist on staying."

In London there are Jewish Rest and Feeding centres where only Kosher food is served, and several families went there.

Bedding is Simple

The nurse, white-overalled and white veiled, was busy in a small room that had the appearance and equipment of a hospital dressing station, plus several cot beds. On two of these under red blankets reposed cockney Mary Ellen and a Czech grandmother, both over eighty and still begrimed with plaster dust.

Mary Ellen sat up every now and again to insist she did not need a bath which the nurse said would be ready in a few minutes. The Czech peered out of her headkerchief-hood to murmur in German her heart was broken.

The nurse, one of those middle-aged indefatigable Englishwomen who do Cook's tours on the continent in peace time, answered her glibly in Anglo-accented German: "Go to sleep my little cabbage, you are safe." The Czech's wrinkles would crack through the plaster dust into a smile, then she would vanish into her kerchief again.

Two other women lay on cots with scarlet blankets. Both had been badly shocked, one was pregnant. Her husband was missing. The doctor who had paid a visit in the morning had ordered her to a hospital. White-faced, tight-lipped, she was waiting for the ambulance.

The nurse has jurisdiction over bedding for the community. The sleeping arrangements are simple. About eight each evening mattresses are spread on the entire floor of the centre. Each person is issued with a mattress cover, pillow slip, and towel and soap in a big brown bag. These are numbered, and are theirs till they leave, when the borough laundry does them up for the next bombe.

Nervous people who insist on going to the underground stations to sleep must provide their own bedding but they usually have it there already.

The billeting officer made his rounds—he had good news of the opening of a furnished residential

hotel and a number of small flats. There were consultations: then groups picked up their few belongings and made for the door.

Mrs. Johnson was not among them—these were only temporary billets for people who could return to their own homes later. Hers was a different problem.

She was sitting by the fire helping to bathe a baby, when I went to say goodbye. She had on a new dress and her hair had been shampooed and waved. She mentioned with a cheery smile that was one way of getting back the taxes she had paid, for the hairdresser was told to charge the hairdo to the Borough Council. She looked tired but she was quite herself again. Her friend the cigarette woman was asleep on a mattress in the corner.

The atmosphere was that of a well-run summer camp, there was none of that officiousness that frequently sets a direct seal on trained social service endeavors. One could not call them amateurs, nor yet were they really experts. Somehow or other these hard-working every-day people have managed to take the sting of hopelessness and horror out of catastrophe.

These are the beans
with the spicy tomato
flavour right through!

● Think of it...top quality beans drenched in a rich, golden brown sauce that has actually penetrated every fibre. The cooking process has to be a jealously guarded secret, but no one could keep quiet about the rich, tangy flavour of Van Camp's Pork and Beans!

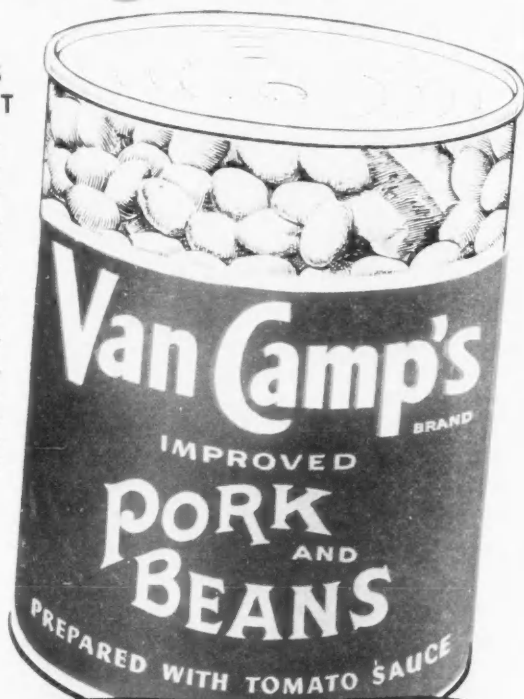


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tantalizing flavour!

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AND I'M THE GUY WHO
CAN'T GET ENOUGH
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NO OTHER BEANS
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Widely spaced bunches of wild flowers on a print dress with short dolman sleeves and front fullness, sum up a frock of cool smartness.

CONCERNING FOOD

"There's Rosemary and Rue"

BY JANET MARCH

ARE you a reader of cook books? In this house they are more popular than detective stories, and they too fall into certain classifications just like the mysteries. There's the corpse in the upper class English library, dependable but a bit stodgy, just like Mrs. Beeton, and some of the standard works on cookery we couldn't eat without. Then there's the brilliant amateur detective who makes fools of the police, and corresponds to the cook in the book which is written on the same lines as that much joked-about column in one of the American women's fashion magazines. You know the line "Have you ever thought of crumpling cellophane and pasting it across the windows instead of curtains. You can see out and they can't see in." The corresponding type of cook book recommends building a fire in the back

yard and letting the guests cook their own chops on sticks. The class type of cook book has a heavy French flavor, and herbs crop up constantly, sticking their faces round the corner just like the villain fifth columnists in the newer mystery stories. A good many housekeepers sigh and turn over the page firmly when they meet a bouquet of herbs. It's no good bucking the herb situation this way though, better face it out, and see really what they mean. The trouble with herbs is that except in a dried rather de-natured form you can't buy them at chain stores, and must go and seek them out in foreign fruit shops, or in certain stalls on the weekly farmer's market.

If you have garden and herb ambitions you can grow a lot of them with very little trouble, even in this Northern country. If you haven't a garden it's worth studying them up a bit and laying in stocks at the market which you can dry yourself and put away for the winter, and then you can have a real French omelet with fine herbs for lunch next winter. Nearly everyone uses some herbs parsley onion and celery for instance. Here is a list of some others which can be grown in Canada.

Burnet

This will grow from seed, and it makes a good fernlike edging plant for borders.

Chervil

This like parsley is a member of the carrot family, and grows from seed which should be planted in rotation as it grows fast.

Tarragon

You will have to come by a plant of this unless you are possessed of great patience and probably a hot house. Once started you are with it for life.

Thyme

This is a very popular herb and will grow from seed. It only grows to be a few inches high, and when you are planting the seed mix in a little sand with it.

Mint

Of course you know about mint. Once started you need a root the only danger is that it will invade the whole garden.

Sweet Marjoram

This grows from seed, and although it is, like many herbs, a perennial it can't survive most Canadian winters. It grows slowly so that it is only in the autumn that you will have it fresh.

Rosemary

This is a small shrub not unlike lavender, but it definitely won't last through the winter so you must take it inside in a pot.

Lavender

This is of small use in the kitchen but is pretty nice in the linen cupboard. You will need to start with a plant, and be careful of it in winter, and don't move it round. Just cover it up well and leave it where you first put it.

Sage

This is one of the most useful of herbs and grows easily from seed.

Winter Savory

This is almost the same as to flavor as the summer variety, but it is a nicer plant to have in your garden, and too is one of the very useful herbs, particularly for stuffing fowl.

Chives

Look charming in the garden, and are the hardest of perennials. A lot of people keep on growing a potful on the kitchen window sill in the winter and so have fresh ones to liven up winter salads.

In the summer time your herb bouquets can be made by tying together a few sprays of fresh herbs and dropping the bunch in the pot, to be fished out before serving, of course. In wintertime only dried herbs are available, so you will have to make small cheese cloth bags to drop in. Of course these are only a few of the many herbs which you can grow if you really have the urge, but with these you can do wonders at improving the flavoring of stews. Some of these are particularly good with one sort of meat.

For Beef Stew

Burnet, Chervil, Chives.

Lamb Stew

Parsley, Thyme, Clove.

Veal Stew

Sweet Marjoram, Parsley, Chives.

These can all be used fresh in the summer, but the Canadian herbalist must be at work laying up for the winter, and if you have the time and energy you might make and fill some of the little bags and then put them away in a can so that as you need them you have only to put your hand in, and drop the bag in your soup or gravy.

Herb Bag for Consommé

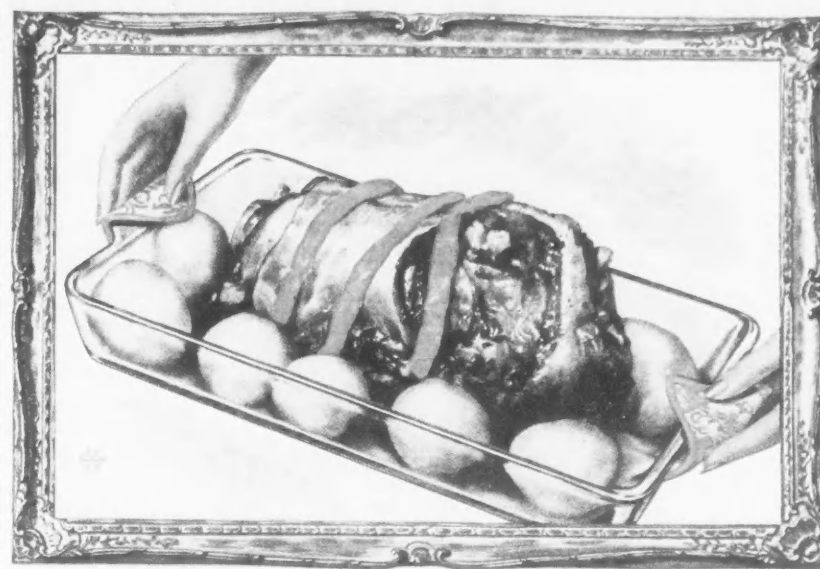
1 clove
3/4 teaspoon of marjoram
1 1/2 teaspoons of parsley
1 tablespoon of celery
1/2 teaspoon of thyme
a bit of a peppercorn

This should not be put in till near the end of the cooking, and this is enough to season well two quarts of liquid. The bags should not be used again any more than tea leaves.

Herb Bag for Gravies

1/2 teaspoon of dried parsley
1/2 teaspoon of dried thyme
1/2 teaspoon of dried marjoram

Who says a bride can't cook?

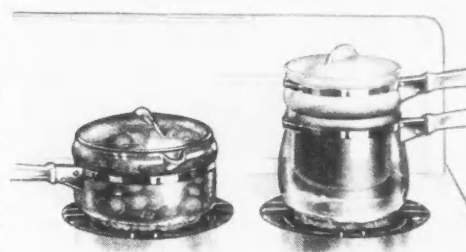


... she can easily if you give her modern Pyrex Ware

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And 75% of Pyrex dishes today are priced even lower! Why not round out your own Pyrex ware needs while you're remembering friend bride?

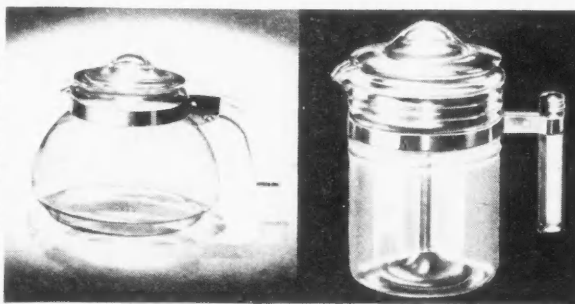
THE TREND to oven meals makes a handy utility dish (shown above) a necessity. It will hold a good-sized rolled rib roast and the potatoes and vegetables as well! Serve the whole meal in the actual dish it was cooked in! Two handy sizes.



with Pyrex Flameware dishes! They're new and smart. The latest thing! Wide, flat bottoms really fit stove tops. Spouts are designed especially for easy pouring. See the food cook. Boost your own cooking efficiency with this 32-ounce Flameware saucepan (above), and don't be without the 32-ounce size double boiler beside it. Both wash sparkling clean in less than a jiffy!

EXPERTS AGREE

coffee tastes better brewed in clear, sparkling Pyrex Brand Glass! ... because it can't burn, become rancid or leave a disagreeable "pot" taste. And to see is to want this Flameware Utility Tea-Kettle that can't ever rust or tarnish ... has dozens of uses. Both these Pyrex ware items fit your budget!



of all your baking needs with this 17-piece Home Baker set. Leading home economists have proved you can! ... includes measuring cup, utility dish, loaf pan, pie plate, two cake dishes, four deep pie dishes, six custard cups and a handy wire rack. (Items can also be purchased separately.)

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1/2 a bay leaf
3/4 teaspoon of dried celery (This can be the leaves or the grated root)
Dash of dried sage
Dash of dried savory

This only scratches the surface of the herb situation, so we'll have to take the matter up again, with some more recipes whose making is their herbs.

GOLDEN MORNING

HERE Morning walks in golden sandals
Through the dew-bright meadows;
Milkers' pails with clinking handles

Follow in the shadows
Of roosters, each with glittering comb;
Of calves with golden sides,
Through pear-tree orchards white as foam
The amber sunlight slides
Past tree-trunks flaked with yellow fire;
Past gateposts nobbed with gold;
Past two who watch the brightening spire
And all a day can hold
Close on the fleeing heels of Night.
This gleaming wing and leaf;
This alchemy of golden light
So flawless, and so brief!

Victoria, B.C. PAULINE HAYARD.

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BUS-SICK?

MAY BE PREVENTED
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Mothersill's

SEASICK REMEDY

AT THE THEATRE

Buying a Little Place in the Country

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

HAVING been compelled last week to notify Mr. Frank McCoy that the piece to which he was then devoting his producing energies was in our opinion a wash-out, we are the more delighted to be able to assure him that in the Hart-Kaufman

comedy "George Washington Slept Here," which he is now putting on view at the Royal Alexandra, he has one of the most genuinely amusing entertainments that we have seen for many moons, and further, that he has given it a cast, and trained that cast to a degree of smoothness, that are altogether exceptional in summer dramatics. The Monday audience shared our opinion—not that it would have made any difference to us if it hadn't,—and the final curtain-calls were much more sincerely vigorous than usual.

This skit on the life of a city family which buys a little old place in the country is not one of the major works of the Hart-Kaufman combination, but it has all their theatrical dexterity and a great deal of their wit—with, if we may say so, just a little too much of their profanity. In plot it is doubtless almost as artificial as last week's deplorable Myron Fagan opus; but it has a novel basic idea and a lot of very sharp and penetrating character drawing, and its dialogue is plausible and neat. These two authors know how to give their actors something to bite on; for example, they have written a part which enables Miss Ruby O'Donnell, Toronto's famous beauty-

contest winner, to bring down the house by merely slinking across the stage with rotating hips, without saying a word. They have also written a part for a fiendish small boy which Master Ronald Reiss plays exactly like a fiendish small boy, which proves either his great natural intelligence or the excellence of Mr. Henry Ephron's staging—or else of course that he really is a fiendish small boy.

Charles Butterworth and Ruth Holden, however, really carry the play, as the city man and his wife. They are on the stage almost continuously, they have a clear idea of the character, they play up to one-another beautifully, and they get their lines across at full value. If, as we believe, Monday night was actually their first performance in these parts, their control of both lines and business was marvellous. Loring Smith contributes a well-rounded character as the fraudulent uncle, and our friend of several past seasons, Miss Ethel Britton, does a neat scene as the disillusioned wife of an actor. This is a show to be seen for its purely amusing qualities, and—yes, we think so—also for a certain light it sheds on the contemporary North American scene. Especially is it a show to be seen if you are contemplating buying a little place in the country.

A YEAR-'ROUND SAVING OF MONEY — FOOD — HEALTH — TIME



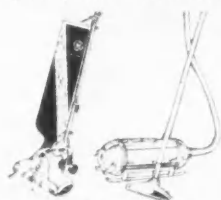
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ART AND ARTISTS

"Britain at War" Exhibition

BY GRAHAM McINNES

AT SUMMER'S end Canada will have an opportunity of seeing the exhibition "Britain at War" when it leaves its present home in the Museum of Modern Art, New York City, for a tour of the United States and this country. The exhibition opened to the public on Friday, May 23rd, but on May 22nd Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador to the United States, performed the official opening ceremony and was the principal speaker on a two-way radio program over an international hookup of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Speaking from London on the program were the Right Honorable Alfred Duff Cooper, Minister of Information, and Sir Kenneth Clark, K.C.B., Director of the National Gallery in London.

Not a single shipment from London for the exhibition was lost en route, all the paintings, cartoons, posters, photographs, films, camouflage and catalog information—the graphic record of a country at war—having safely reached their destination. The first shipment was received at the end of January with the arrival by boat of a large consignment of paintings previously shown in the National Gallery in London, and the final shipment of fourteen paintings and drawings by noted British artists arrived just in time for the opening at the Museum of Modern Art. Material for this graphic record of Britain at war also reached the United States by Clipper, a single plane bringing twenty-three four-pound rolls of drawings, photographs and posters.

THE soldier and civilian armies of Britain are depicted in many of the visual arts which are still being carried on in wartime and which are helping to further the war effort. Among the paintings Frank Dobson has a vivid canvas of a street of Collapsing buildings outlined against raging flames the night of November 24th, when Bristol was badly

damaged by a raid, while John Piper shows another "on the spot" view of the shattered walls of Coventry Cathedral lit by fire on November 15th, the night of the first great bombardment of that city. Portraits by Eric Kennington of Famous R.A.F. flight commanders and fighter pilots can also be seen, but what will perhaps remain in memory longest are three eerie drawings of London's crowded underground shelters showing ghost-like forms in vast, dimly-lit catacombs. These were done by the well-known English artist and sculptor, Henry Moore. The National Gallery of Canada has also contributed many fine paintings of the last war from its Great War Records Collection.

This exhibition, when it comes to Canada in the fall, is sure to attract a large audience, and it will, we hope, bring home to us that we too have the artists in this country who could be engaged in preserving our own war records.

ROYAL ALEXANDRA
NEXT WEEK: COM. MON. JUNE 30
FRANK McCoy presents
Broadway's Dynamic Star
LENORE ULRIC
in the World Famous Play
"RAIN"
Founded on
W. Somerset Maugham's story
"Miss Thompson"
EVENINGS 8:45 50c - 75c - \$1
MATS. WED.-SAT., 25c, 50c, 75c



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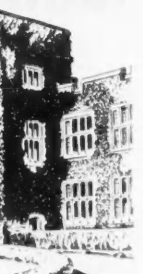
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70 Years

Sept. 10, 11 a.m.
Sept. 10, 6 p.m.
Sept. 11, 10 a.m.

THE Marx Brothers have announced that with "The Big Store" now in production, they will dissolve partnership and retire from the screen. If this is true it is certainly the worst blow to the industry since the invention of the double-bill. One's only hope is that the threat is just another Marxian gag. The boys are always a jump ahead of prediction so there's at least a chance that just when we have folded them away among our beautiful memories they'll all come prowling and whooping back again.

At the moment they are whooping and prowling in "Go West" at the Imperial theatre. Though belated — it reached us, apparently after having been exhibited in every habitable spot in America — it was worth waiting for, for here once more we have the Brothers at the height of their wild beauty. The film as befits a Western is filled with fights, chases, villainy, Indians, bar-room blondes and other furies, but like all Marx pictures it isn't so much a travesty of the particular as a furious dislocation of the general. Apart from the inevitable pair of singing sweethearts it is almost pure Marxian; almost completely plotless and filled with wonders from the moment Groucho strides into the station to buy his ticket West till the final sequence when the last railroad tie is in place and the Chairman of the Committee is driven into the ground instead of the traditional golden spike. Like every Marx film it has been carefully planned, drafted, assembled, flight-tested and finally let loose, to the destruction of all reason and sanity. I'm sure there is a parable here if anyone were to look for it and

NOT FOR HIM

THE new moon's white and curling petal
Is not for him who walks alone
Along a road like polished metal,
Past gardens long since overgrown;
Past houses sleeping in the moon-
light

Whose silver witchcraft is as brief
As dreams he sowed by Winter
firelight

To grow and wither, leaf by leaf!

Victoria, B.C. PAULINE HAVARD.

that the Marx Brothers are perfect children of our lunatic era.

In any case this is no time for them to leave us. They are still at the top of their powers and their status with the public is probably exactly what it has always been; i.e. people find them either irresistible or intolerable and there is no winning any one from either camp. Those who don't like them can always stay away from them. But what about the rest of us who love them and will never find anyone to take their place? Don't you owe something to us, Groucho, Chico and Harpo?

WASHINGTON MELODRAMA," double-billed with "Go West," presents a world almost as peculiar as the Marx Brothers' universe, though unfortunately not nearly so diverting. It's about a kindly but slightly addled millionaire (Frank Morgan) who wants to introduce a Feed Europe bill before the Senate. Unhappily he gets involved with a night-club entertainer — innocently

THE FILM PARADE

Say It Ain't True, Groucho, Chico and Harpo

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

this odd and solemn item managed to creep in alongside the Marx Brothers is just another mystery of the booking department.

"THE Flame of New Orleans" has Marlene Dietrich misted about with so much ectoplasmic gauze that the picture at times looks like a piece of spirit photography. Joseph Stern-

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Set the Scene for Summer on your terrace and in your sunroom with this painted white metal furniture inspired by California patio pieces. It has the lovely modern rhythm of pure design and despite its light-some look, it is sturdy and comfortable. Nests of tables, end tables, bridge tables and tea tables, all with glass tops and chairs with metal criss-cross seats are available in this attractive Summer set-up.

Simpson's



Lenore Ulric, who plays the role of Sadie Thompson in Somerset Maugham's "Rain", coming to the Royal Alexandra, Toronto, week of June 30.

Oriental Cream

The cream to use before the evening dance. No rubbing off—no touching up. A trial will convince.

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BUS-SICK?

MAY BE PREVENTED AND RELIEVED WITH THE AID OF

Mothersill's

SEASICK REMEDY

AT THE THEATRE

Buying a Little Place in the Country

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

HAVING been compelled last week to notify Mr. Frank McCoy that the piece to which he was then devoting his producing energies was in our opinion a wash-out, we are the more delighted to be able to assure him that in the Hart-Kaufman

comedy "George Washington Slept Here," which he is now putting on view at the Royal Alexandra, he has one of the most genuinely amusing entertainments that we have seen for many moons, and further, that he has given it a cast, and trained that cast to a degree of smoothness, that are altogether exceptional in summer dramatics. The Monday audience shared our opinion — not that it would have made any difference to us if it hadn't, — and the final curtain-calls were much more sincerely vigorous than usual.

This skit on the life of a city family which buys a little old place in the country is not one of the major works of the Hart-Kaufman combination, but it has all their theatrical dexterity and a great deal of their wit—with, if we may say so, just a little too much of their profanity. In plot it is doubtless almost as artificial as last week's deplorable Myron Fagan opus; but it has a novel basic idea and a lot of very sharp and penetrating character drawing, and its dialogue is plausible and neat. These two authors know how to give their actors something to bite on; for example, they have written a part which enables Miss Ruby O'Donnell, Toronto's famous beauty-

contest winner, to bring down the house by merely slinking across the stage with rotating hips, without saying a word. They have also written a part for a fiendish small boy which Master Ronald Reiss plays exactly like a fiendish small boy, which proves either his great natural intelligence or the excellence of Mr. Henry Ephron's staging—or else of course that he really is a fiendish small boy.

Charles Butterworth and Ruth Holden, however, really carry the play, as the city man and his wife. They are on the stage almost continuously, they have a clear idea of the character, they play up to one-another beautifully, and they get their lines across at full value. If, as we believe, Monday night was actually their first performance in these parts, their control of both lines and business was marvellous. Loring Smith contributes a well-rounded character as the fraudulent uncle, and our friend of several past seasons, Miss Ethel Britton, does a neat scene as the disillusioned wife of an actor. This is a show to be seen for its purely amusing qualities, and—yes, we think so—also for a certain light it sheds on the contemporary North American scene. Especially is it a show to be seen if you are contemplating buying a little place in the country.

A YEAR-'ROUND SAVING OF MONEY — FOOD — HEALTH — TIME



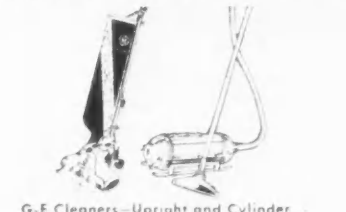
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EVERY feature of a G-E Refrigerator is built for service and saving. There's the exclusive Sealed-in-Steel Mechanism that saves in the cost of operation by giving year-'round trouble-free service—the Flexible Cold Storage Compartment that keeps meat fresh in the correct atmosphere of high humidity and near-freezing temperature—the convenient Stor-a-Dor providing extra storing space for frequently used foods—the sliding shelves with adjustable heights.

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ART AND ARTISTS

"Britain at War" Exhibition

BY GRAHAM McINNES

AT SUMMER'S end Canada will have an opportunity of seeing the exhibition "Britain at War" when it leaves its present home in the Museum of Modern Art, New York City, for a tour of the United States and this country. The exhibition opened to the public on Friday, May 23rd, but on May 22nd Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador to the United States, performed the official opening ceremony and was the principal speaker on a two-way radio program over an international hookup of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Speaking from London on the program were the Right Honorable Alfred Duff Cooper, Minister of Information, and Sir Kenneth Clark, K.C.B., Director of the National Gallery in London.

Not a single shipment from London for the exhibition was lost en route, all the paintings, cartoons, posters, photographs, films, camouflage and catalog information—the graphic record of a country at war—having safely reached their destination. The first shipment was received at the end of January with the arrival by boat of a large consignment of paintings previously shown in the National Gallery in London, and the final shipment of fourteen paintings and drawings by noted British artists arrived just in time for the opening at the Museum of Modern Art. Material for this graphic record of Britain at war also reached the United States by Clipper, a single plane bringing twenty-three four-pound rolls of drawings, photographs and posters.

THE soldier and civilian armies of Britain are depicted in many of the visual arts which are still being carried on in wartime and which are helping to further the war effort. Among the paintings Frank Dobson has a vivid canvas of a street of collapsing buildings outlined against raging flames the night of November 24th, when Bristol was badly

damaged by a raid, while John Piper shows another "on the spot" view of the shattered walls of Coventry Cathedral lit by fire on November 15th, the night of the first great bombardment of that city. Portraits by Eric Kennington of Famous R.A.F. flight commanders and fighter pilots can also be seen, but what will perhaps remain in memory longest are three eerie drawings of London's crowded underground shelters showing ghost-like forms in vast, dimly-lit catacombs. These were done by the well-known English artist and sculptor, Henry Moore. The National Gallery of Canada has also contributed many fine paintings of the last war from its Great War Records Collection.

This exhibition, when it comes to Canada in the fall, is sure to attract a large audience, and it will, we hope, bring home to us that we too have the artists in this country who could be engaged in preserving our own war records.

ROYAL ALEXANDRA

NEXT WEEK: COM. MON. JUNE 30

FRANK McCoy presents

Broadway's Dynamic Star

LENORE ULRIC
in the World Famous Play

"RAIN"

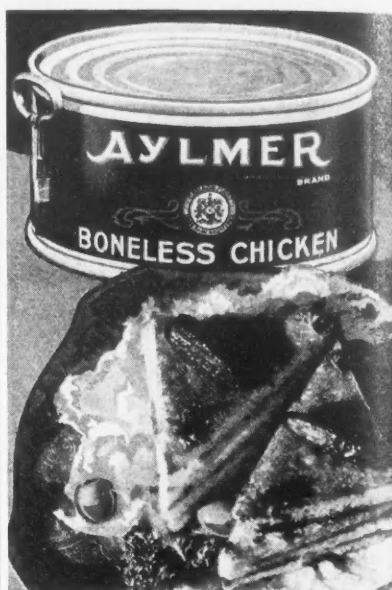
Founded on

W. Somerset Maugham's story

"Miss Thompson"

EVENINGS AT 8:45 50c - 75c - \$1 Few \$1.50

MATS. WED.-SAT., 25c, 50c, 75c



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Established over 70 Years

New Boarders—Wed., Sept. 10, 11 a.m.

Old Boarders—Wed., Sept. 10, 6 p.m.

School Opens—Thurs., Sept. 11, 10 a.m.

THE Marx Brothers have announced that with "The Big Store" now in production, they will dissolve partnership and retire from the screen. If this is true it is certainly the worst blow to the industry since the invention of the double-bill. One's only hope is that the threat is just another Marxian gag. The boys are always a jump ahead of prediction so there's at least a chance that just when we have folded them away among our beautiful memories they'll all come prowling and whooping back again.

At the moment they are whooping and prowling in "Go West" at the Imperial theatre. Though belated—it reached us, apparently after having been exhibited in every habitable spot in America—it was worth waiting for, for here once more we have the Brothers at the height of their wild beauty. The film as befits a Western is filled with fights, chases, villainy, Indians, bar-room blondes and other furies, but like all Marx pictures it isn't so much a travesty of the particular as a furious dislocation of the general. Apart from the inevitable pair of singing sweethearts it is almost pure Marxian; almost completely plotless and filled with wonders from the moment Groucho strides into the station to buy his ticket West till the final sequence when the last railroad tie is in place and the Chairman of the Committee is driven into the ground instead of the traditional golden spike. Like every Marx film it has been carefully planned, drafted, assembled, flight-tested and finally let loose, to the destruction of all reason and sanity. I'm sure there is a parable here if anyone were to look for it and

NOT FOR HIM

THE new moon's white and curling petal
Is not for him who walks alone
Along a road like polished metal.
Past gardens long since overgrown;
Past houses sleeping in the moon-
light
Whose silver witchcraft is as brief
As dreams he sowed by Winter
firelight
To grow and wither, leaf by leaf!

Victoria, B.C. PAULINE HAYARD.

that the Marx Brothers are perfect children of our lunatic era.

In any case this is no time for them to leave us. They are still at the top of their powers and their status with the public is probably exactly what it has always been; i.e. people find them either irresistible or intolerable and there is no winning any one from either camp. Those who don't like them can always stay away from them. But what about the rest of us who love them and will never find anyone to take their place? Don't you owe something to us, Groucho, Chico and Harpo?

"WASHINGTON MELODRAMA," double-billed with "Go West," presents a world almost as peculiar as the Marx Brothers' universe, though unfortunately not nearly so diverting. It's about a kindly but slightly addled millionaire (Frank Morgan) who wants to introduce a Feed-Europe bill before the Senate. Unhappily he gets involved with a night-club entertainer—innocently

enough, since all he does is take her on a summer tour of the public buildings in Washington. She's a nice girl but highly perishable and she dies when one night in her apartment someone tosses her over the back of a chair. Blackmail and scandal follow and most of the picture is taken up with these tense doings, though there is a short dinner-table debate on the advisability of feeding Mr. Hitler's Europe. How

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

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THE FILM PARADE

Say It Ain't True, Groucho, Chico and Harpo



Set the Scene for Summer on your terrace and in your

sunroom with this painted white metal furniture inspired by California patio pieces. It has the lovely modern rhythm of pure design and despite its light-some look, it is sturdy and comfortable. Nests of tables, end tables, bridge tables and tea tables, all with glass tops and chairs with metal criss-cross seats are available in this attractive Summer set-up.

Simpson's



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DRESSING TABLE

Silver Tops

BY ISABEL MORGAN

LUCKY is the woman whose hair has turned silver-grey—for her hair, if properly cared for, can make her more radiant than ever before in her life. She can wear colors she never could before. She can look more gracious and refined—more the perfect lady that is the fashion trend of the present time.

Some of the smartest women in the country today, including those who are among the world's best-dressed, are proud of their grey hair. They match it up with gorgeous silver fox furs they wear it like a jewel, setting it off with dramatic black or white with silver—with clear deep colors to match blue or green eyes. Make-up must be cleverly and discreetly done. Some of the smartest grey-haired women just highlight the lips and eyes, wearing a vivid deep lipstick, and green or iridescent eye shadow and mascara, leaving their hair to carry the rest of the drama.

For The Fair

Women with very blonde, or very gray, hair have few reasons to complain about the lack of special cosmetics that will suit their fragile coloring exactly. There's a matched make-up ensemble perfectly adapted to their needs . . . despite the fact that it is a favorite among brunettes and red-heads.

You might guess it's an out-of-the-ordinary sort of beauty aid . . . and it certainly is that. For Tangee Natural Lipstick and Rouge work in a mysterious fashion. The years have certainly proven that these famous cosmetics give to each woman her own most flattering shade of that tempting blush-rose all of us know is so desirable.

The fair of skin love Tangee Natural Rouge and Lipstick for the best reason in the world! They, who have to be so careful, can apply Tangee Natural and be sure they won't look or feel made-up. Here's what happens. Look at the rouge or lipstick in their cases and they appear to be orange in color. But once they come in contact with your skin, they



THE LINGERIE

A pastel sheer chemise with deep borders of hand-run Alencon lace dyed to match (above) . . . The new nightgown with long sleeves is seen here in pink crepe ninon with balloon sleeves and pleated bosom (centre) . . . A white satin pantie with white Alencon lace waistband, side insets and fastening at back. Worn with matching lace brassiere (below).



Murine soothes the smarting, burning sensation at once, cleanses and refreshes irritated, reddened membranes caused by head colds, driving winds, movies, close work, late hours. Keep it handy at home, in your purse at the office. Free dropper with each bottle. at all Drug Stores.

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THAT'S NATURAL



Always correct—be the occasion formal or informal—65c to \$15.50

● There's a natural charm that affects you like a shaft of sunlight stabbing its brilliant finger through a shadow. It is a lavender-touched, clear-skinned loveliness which owes much to the Yardley Lavender and the Yardley Beauty Preparations.

Yardley
LAVENDER
AND
Beauty Preparations

actually change until your own most attractive shade is produced. Truly an amazing transformation to watch.

Revivifiers

Corsages are not standing still these days—they're going right along with the new silhouette. For instance, florists are getting away

from the conventional crumpled, wired nosegays and are making more and crescent-shaped arrangements with stems showing. When it comes to color, nature never makes a mistake in her combinations—but the florists have to be careful in matching flowers to gowns. And as for good revivifiers nothing like fresh flowers in hats and outfits.

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MRS. MERRIAM wished either that she were driving her own car or that they had taken the street car, but her husband had driven out of town and time had run short at the last so that she had called a taxi. She did not like being driven by someone else, she did not like her formal seclusion beside Fay on the side back seat. Her daughter sat silent; it was for her to lighten the child's tension by saying something. "Isn't the forsythia wonderful?" he demanded brightly, pointing to a bush like a fountain of golden ice. "It seems to me that on some bushes the flowers grow closer together than on others. Are there no kinds or is it my imagination?" "I don't know, mother," Fay stretched out her long slender legs in their first silk stockings and brought the toes of her new slippers tightly together. She was not helping much but you couldn't expect that, her mother thought, and began again.

"Daddy was so sorry he had to be away."

"It's just as well," Fay answered calmly. "He never did like recitals."

"He likes yours. It's too bad he couldn't come."

They passed another forsythia bush, streaming gold, but she dared not mention this one. She could see no other flowers and the familiar streets offered no topics for comment. To inspire calmness you must feel calm yourself, and her heart began to beat faster already, her voice sounded thin and the subjects of her remarks were too deliberately chosen.

"Look," she cried with genuine heartiness, "Look at the flowering almond. Aren't those pink branches heavenly?"

"There's a bigger one in the yard next to the school."

Memories which had hovered like little clouds at the back of her mind all day closed gradually over her. More vividly than the gray church they were passing, she saw the white houses of the village street; she was a little girl, younger than Fay, setting out for her first recital. They had walked, of course, for motor cars had been few in the little town in which she had grown up. She went out after supper so seldom that the street veiled in grayness was a different street, and the white houses seemed mysteriously like pale faces from behind their lilac bushes and collises of freshly-leaved rose vines. She and her mother were alone in the long street where night gathered her off, like a mist, and when the pressure of her mother's hand on hers became painful she pretended that her shoe lace was untied in order to pull free.

"Look at Mrs. Gray's peach almond," her mother exclaimed brightly. "Isn't it lovely? It won't be long if the lilacs are out." Her mother's words came in sharp spurts, her face had no breath in it. She had swallowed and wetted her lips and tried to answer, thinking darkly.

"Mother doesn't have to play in my recital. I don't see why she's set."

"Here we are," Fay said. Her mother jumped. "Look, there must be a recital in the other hall, too. People are going in." She stared at them eagerly while her mother paid the taximan. "I wish I was old enough to play in there. Look mom, I've got on evening gowns. I'll have to have a real, long evening dress when I play in there."

"That won't come for a while yet." She took Fay's hand, as they walked toward the door of the adjoining re-

ental hall and was startled by a warmth.

"Mom, your hand's like ice. Put your glove on."

"Cold hands, warm heart," Mrs. Merriam laughed. That shows how far gone I am, she thought ruefully. I've always hated people who said that to me.

"I'm going back there with the other girls, mom."

"All right, dear. I can knit."

They were early after all, they could never contrive to be really late, and Fay hurried as usual to the anteroom where the young performers waited their turn. Mrs. Merriam looked at the program, thinking regretfully of the years when a tiny Fay had played one of the very first numbers. As the child grew older, her place had been pushed mercifully down the programme till now her name stood near the bottom.

Mrs. Merriam began to knit, thinking how her year was parcelled out like the year of a department store with its August furniture, January-white sales. After the summer holidays her schedule ran October-November-December, getting ready for Christmas; January-February, colds and at least one contagious disease; March-April, letting down her daughter's dresses and taking up her own; May-June, annual meetings and recitals.

At a spatter of applause she looked up and saw a minute girl under a blue bow duck her curtsy and hitch onto the piano stool. For some mother it would be over now. She put down her knitting to ap-

plaud the four back rows of seats.

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"THE BACK PAGE"

The Night of the Recital

BY MARY QUAYLE ENNIS

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- 4. The Beasts Walt Whitman
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- 6. Adonais Shelley
- 7. Why Bliss Carman
- 8. A Psalm of Montreal Sam Butler

National Socialism Favors Big Industrialists

BY JACK ANDERS



"Free French" Colonial Infantry fight with Wilson against Vichy



Indian troops on the move into Syria. These are Engineers

Polyglot Allied Force Drives on Syria
In An Effort To Secure Suez

A FORTNIGHT ago, a polyglot Allied force comprised of Britons, Anzacs, Scots, Indians and Free French started a four-pronged drive into Vichy-held Syria. Commanding the British forces was General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson; commanding the Vichy army in Syria was General Henri Ferdinand Dentz, who last year surrendered Paris to the Nazis.

General Wilson's four drives were aimed at Beirut and Damascus from the south; at Palmyra and Aleppo from the east.

As last week ended, the Allies had taken Palmyra and were pushing on to Homs. If the latter were taken, North Syria and Aleppo would be cut off from South Syria and Lebanon and the war in Syria would be fading out. Leading the drive on Aleppo was Major Bagot Glubb, commander of Trans-Jordan's Arab Legion, who is hailed as another Lawrence of Arabia.

After severe fighting, the Allies early this week had taken Damascus, with British cavalry wiping up behind the mechanized columns. Stiffer resistance was being offered at Beirut, but British dispatches were to the effect that Allied forces, with the aid of a barrage laid down by the Navy, were already within the outer defences of the city.

Fall of Beirut was predicted before the end of the week with the petering out of the entire campaign predicted "in the not far distant future".

The taking of Syria would mean the securing of the Suez Canal from a drive from the north; just as the renewed drive in Libya is aimed at protecting that vital waterway from the west. And with out-and-out Nazis and pro-Nazi French driven from Syria, Britain will breathe easier about Iraq's and Iran's rich oil fields.



An Australian fighting man

IT WAS said here recently that Hitler is establishing a system of super-monopoly capitalism in German-held Europe. The development started eight years ago; the Reich then owned controlling blocks of shares in banks and industrial enterprises and Hitler sold them to the private interests from which the Reich had bought them in the crisis of 1931. Now Hitler is enhancing the monopoly power thus re-established by handing over large parts of the industries in Belgium, France, Holland, and Luxemburg to those same concerns.

These statements have brought forward the following question. Trusts and mergers of such gigantic dimensions can become a danger to any government. Hitler, who has destroyed many institutions that were less important than those concerns, certainly must have realized the danger. Why, then, has he maintained and enlarged those industrial kingdoms?

There is no doubt that Hitler did realize the danger, but he had to take the risk of playing up to the industrialists at the beginning—if it was a risk. The heart-beat of Germany's economy was greatly weakened during the first few months of the Hitler regime by wholesale dismissals of executives and experts, by the closing down of many businesses and the changing over of others into inefficient hands, for political, religious, and "racial" reasons. To these difficulties was added the boycott abroad and the liquidation of the trade unions. Especially the latter removed the last check and balance in internal German economic relations, and that was, of course, exactly the aim of the industrialists.

Hitler appeased the German industrialists immediately after his accession by liquidating the trade unions and by selling them (the industrialists) huge blocks of shares at low prices. The only danger to him was then that the industrialists might have resisted him for political and moral reasons, but he knew that they would not do that, and therefore he ran no risk in making them strong.

Mr. Anders answers the question of the morality of German industrialists by showing the difference between industrialists and "industrialists". He says the latter are more numerous and influential in Germany than in other countries.

If now the Nazi Party had shown even the slightest inclination towards socialism and thus antagonized the industrialists, chaos would have resulted and most probably a counter-Nazi revolution backed by the army, the eternal friend of the industrialists. To eliminate this danger it was not enough for the Nazis merely not to show socialistic inclinations and to leave the industrialists alone; it was necessary to keep the Nazi Party away from managing the country's economy—and there was no one else

who could have managed it but the industrialists.

The economic "experts" of the Party were all socialists in their way, and as Hitler and the other leading Nazis, with very few exceptions, were anything but socialists, an immediate split in the Party would have been inevitable if the Party, represented by its experts, would have taken over the management of the economy. Hitler could probably have healed the breach in the Party, but it was, from his point of view, undoubtedly the wiser course to avoid a breach at that time; for although he might have preserved his position, he would probably have lost the state.

The industrialists realized the quandary and if, therefore, it was not enough merely to leave them

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Corporation Profits in Wartime

BY P. M. RICHARDS

A PART from the direct phenomena of war, there are probably few aspects of it which command greater general interest than that of corporation profits. The war profiteer, that classic figure of scorn and abomination, has, in the public mind, come to be associated with all wars as an inevitable concomitant. But in this war governmental action in Canada and Britain has shown that profiteering in general can be very greatly reduced, if not entirely eliminated, and it is timely to consider the evidence, so far available, of what has happened to the leering Shylock whose face is part and parcel of the mental picture formed by so many of war industry and trade and finance.



Some time ago the British Treasury issued a White Paper—it appeared at the time of the budget—giving estimates of national income and expenditure in 1938 and 1940. It showed profits rising exuberantly between the first and second quarters of 1940, then slowing in the third, and, in the fourth, registering a decline which brought the total below the level reached in the second quarter.

The London *Economist*, discussing the position recently, pointed out that the reports of 439 British industrial companies appearing early in 1941 showed a fall from £55.7 millions to £50.6 millions in net profits, although total profits rose from £94.3 millions to £98.9 millions. The gross return to industry rose by 5 per cent.; net profits suffered a reduction of 9 per cent. The cause is, of course, the Excess Profits Tax and the increased rate of standard taxation, and it should be noted that the combined effect of these imposts is not merely to take all wartime increases in profits but also to take an appreciable part of the "standard" profits.

Amount Available for Spending

This evidence is to be considered not merely in connection with the general question of war profiteering but, more particularly, in connection with the volume of money available for spending by shareholders, and therefore available either to swell the total of savings or, if it is differently used, to add to the inflation potential. In the first quarter of 1941 earnings on equity capital, as measured by the *Economist*, were 11.4 per cent., against an average of 13.2 per cent. for 1940. Dividends were 9.6 per cent., against a 1940 average of 10.9 per cent. This movement developed against a background of reduced allocations to free

reserves, the proportion of which to net profits was 9.2 per cent. in the first quarter of 1941, against a 1940 average of 13.4 per cent.

It seems to be clearly shown that while war has had a decided inflationary effect on gross revenue, the British Government's war controls have had a still more deflationary influence on distributable profit. It can scarcely be supposed that this trend can continue indefinitely without producing large results. A reduction in the amount of money put into the hands of shareholders by way of dividends is, quite possibly, a good thing as a wartime measure. From the national point of view, it does not matter much that there is an automatic reduction in the ability to save, since the reason for the reduction is the increasing of the Government's income. What does matter, so far as the war is concerned, is that the reduction in the ability to spend helps to solve one of the most pressing economic problems of the moment.

There is Also the Post-War

But there is also the post-war to consider. Profits are not just sums of money which appear miraculously in balance sheets at the end of financial years. They represent the life-blood of industry, and if that blood grows too thin, whatever the reason, then the economic body will have to adapt itself accordingly. A persistent downward trend in profits would encourage a tendency toward amalgamation and fusion, presumably, in Britain, fitting in very well with what is called the "Government's Telescope" scheme for industry. However, it would also produce—in Canada, too and wherever such a trend existed—certain social and economic results of less sure benefit.

There are many people who simply cannot afford to get less income from their investments, because they have no other means of livelihood. Not all investors by any means are wealthy, and investment is no longer the prerogative of certain classes. And, in much the same way, there are many companies which simply cannot afford any further sizable reduction in profits. Their ability to do their job depends on holding on to at least the present level.

In a war like this there are some governing compulsions to which everything else is secondary. But it does not need any great vision to see that the generally-good and effective war policy of controlling profits is going to present us with some rather difficult questions later on.



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alone, it was also not enough merely to keep the Party out of the economy. It was necessary to propitiate the industrialists. Hitler could certainly point to his part of the bargain: the liquidation of the trade unions for the benefit of the industrialists in return for their having helped him to power. But they knew that the liquidation of the trade unions had weakened him, and therefore he had to make another concession: the "repatriation" of those shares—a gift which he made the more gladly as it kept the shares out of the Party's reach; for Party and state were one, and if the state had kept the shares in its possession it might have been difficult for the Party to restrain its extremists from stretching out greedy hands and thus getting involved in that vicious cycle. In fact, Hitler must have been glad to get rid of those shares that it is hard to say who did whom a favor in that transaction.

The affair served still another purpose. If the Party had taken over the management of the economy, and if a split had ensued, Hitler would have had against him the socialistic factor of the Party. He would openly have had to declare himself an anti-socialist, and his only allies would have been the industrialists—a situation which would have been hopeless for him at that time. The way in which he solved the problem—and it must certainly evoke the admiration of any political juggler—not only eliminated that danger, but left the banks of the Party closed, at least outwardly, vis-à-vis the industrialists. At the same time he could be sure that the heavy industrialists, who were mainly concerned and are more important than any other group, would keep quiet for a time. It does not happen every day to that class that they have the obnoxious trade unions smashed and huge blocks of shares given to them at ridiculous prices. Naturally, the reeling of the shares to the industrialists and bankers was not made a topic of Goebbels' propaganda.

Hitler's Understanding

This, of course, does not explain why the industrialists did not become a danger to Hitler later on. If people say that large economic units of that kind may become a danger to governments, and if they think that Hitler is running a grave risk by expanding those monopolies all the time, they overlook one point: danger to the state can arise only if the industrialists concerned do not get what they want. But if, upon the change of a regime, they are at the outset given everything they want, the new regime, they cannot become a danger until they have accumulated a great number of new demands and grievances. That point had certainly not been reached when war broke out, and it never would be reached if Hitler won. Although I hate to give Hitler too much credit, he must be given another mark here: his appraisal of that type of gentleman was, and is, superb.

He knew that the industrialists could, on a certain condition, have become an immediate danger to him: if they had said they would not accept material benefits from a government that trampled underfoot human dignity and political decency. But they did not say that in Germany, and Hitler knew that they would not say it. They sold everything that, ordinarily, cannot be expressed in dollars and cents to Hitler; they sold it in dollars and cents, for they are ingenious and they found a formula for the valuation.

This brings us to another question which has been raised in this connection: is the disregard of moral and spiritual values confined to German industrialists? The answer must be it is more pronounced in that it is more widely spread among German industrialists than among their fellows in other countries.

Also in Germany there are industrialists and "industrialists." There are those whose ambition it is to maintain and expand their enterprises and to produce as many goods as efficiently and cheaply as possible. And there are those and they are much more influential whose ambition it is to achieve power by reaping enterprises as commodities to be bought and sold whenever prof-

itable. They are not mere speculators and share croppers, for they know quite as much about industry as do the industrialists proper; but they use their knowledge and their gifts for different purposes.

It goes without saying that the German "industrialists" have always protested that their business interests are identical with the welfare of the nation, and as their interests, for many decades past, have been as great in France, Belgium, and Luxembourg as they have been in Germany, it was quite natural that they have always striven to back their interests by influence, that is by annexation, which, in turn, means by war.

The Selfish Interests

A great German industrialist said, between the two wars, of a great German "industrialist": "When he says Germany, he means coal. To come to an understanding with Russia means to him oil, manganese ore, mining timber, cotton, cheap rye bread. When, glowing with patriotism, he recommends unrestricted submarine war, he calculates how soon after the sinking of so many ships the value of his own ships will rise. He would spit on Alsace Lorraine if it were not that the iron ore there has for him the lure of a beautiful woman. He is an opportunist, beyond good and evil. And if he had gobbled up the whole German industry, he would want to be hailed as the savior of the fatherland."

It is the more imperative to recognize these things as these men have made Hitler, and because so many people say today that only a freer international trade can, after this war, make the world happier, and that, whatever else we do to Germany, she must participate in that trade, because without her participation it would be crippled. All this is quite true. But the danger is that those German "industrialists" are not an official institution and that it may be said, when the time comes, that there is no way of dealing with them democratically. If that should happen we may make up our minds to it that we shall lose the peace.

Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

THE invasion of the C.I.O. into the gold mining fields of Northern Ontario has aroused widespread conjecture. It is well known that the mining companies maintained wage schedules at record high levels all through the period of business depression, not only that, but wages were raised 40 cents a shift in 1935, to be followed by a further raise of 25 cents a shift early this year to meet increases in the cost of living. Because of this situation, it came as a surprise and a shock to the public at large to learn that the C.I.O., working through the Kirkland Lake Mine and Mill Workers' Union, had presented an ultimatum to the leading gold producers of the Kirkland Lake gold field.

Close observers of the labor situation in Canada are not altogether surprised at this threat to stability in the gold producing industry. Those who have watched contractors playing Santa Claus to workers engaged in erection of munition plants and other government-sponsored work, have long since shuddered at the envy and the unrest thereby created in the minds of men employed at normal wages in private industry.

Government contracts on bases which enable contractors to pay 75 cents, one dollar and even more per hour to men taken from the ranks of unskilled labor, have cultivated the soil for the operation of red agitators in the ranks of skilled labor.

Miners in Canada were the highest paid in the ranks of labor in the dominion until the advent of war contracts. These same miners who took pride in their work of turning out gold for the good of their country and who derived comfort from their high wage schedules, now find themselves being laughed at by "jackknife carpenters" receiving higher pay than themselves. This

is the fertile field in which the red agitator now sows his seed.

With mining enterprises already staggering beneath taxation of unprecedented scope, yet maintaining wage scales at the highest level in the history of the industry, the public at large may be forgiven if they view with suspicion the motive that lies behind the activities of the C.I.O.

To the rank and the file of the workers in the gold mining fields of Kirkland Lake, the question may be asked: Do you owe more to the C.I.O. than you do to the maintenance of stability and loyalty to Canada at this time of national danger?

Fortunately for Ontario the provincial government at Toronto has displayed greater fortitude than has Ottawa in dealing with the C.I.O. in the past. This may bode well for the present and the future.

Sullivan Consolidated Gold Mines will increase its mill capacity from 250 to 450 tons per day, the object being to offset if possible the increasing non-operating costs involved. Work on the plant addition has commenced and should be completed within ten weeks.

The Canadian mining industry has discovered still another way in which to help the war effort of the British Empire. The machine shops at the mines are to be geared to maximum activity under the direction of the

newly-formed Wartime Mine Shop Association. Coordinators are to be appointed in key localities. All machine equipment is to be employed to the fullest possible extent on war work. The contribution to the total national effort is expected to be considerable.

Gold production in Canada during the first three months of 1941 was 1,293,518 ounces. This compared with an output of 1,368,944 ounces in the closing quarter of 1940. The decline amounted to more than \$900,000 a month. High taxation and lower working efficiency have contributed to the difficult struggle of the mines to maintain the rate of production formerly attained.

Nickel consumption is being conserved in every possible direction. This now involves suspension of the manufacture of the Canadian nickel of five-cent piece. In the meantime output of the metal from the mines at Sudbury is steadily rising, with all former production records far eclipsed.

God's Lake Gold Mines produced 8293,113 in the first four months of 1941 compared with 8267,217 in the corresponding period of 1940. General development at the mine continues to show good results.

Another gold producing mine in the Northwest Territories is to materialize within the next sixty days when a mill of 100 tons daily capacity

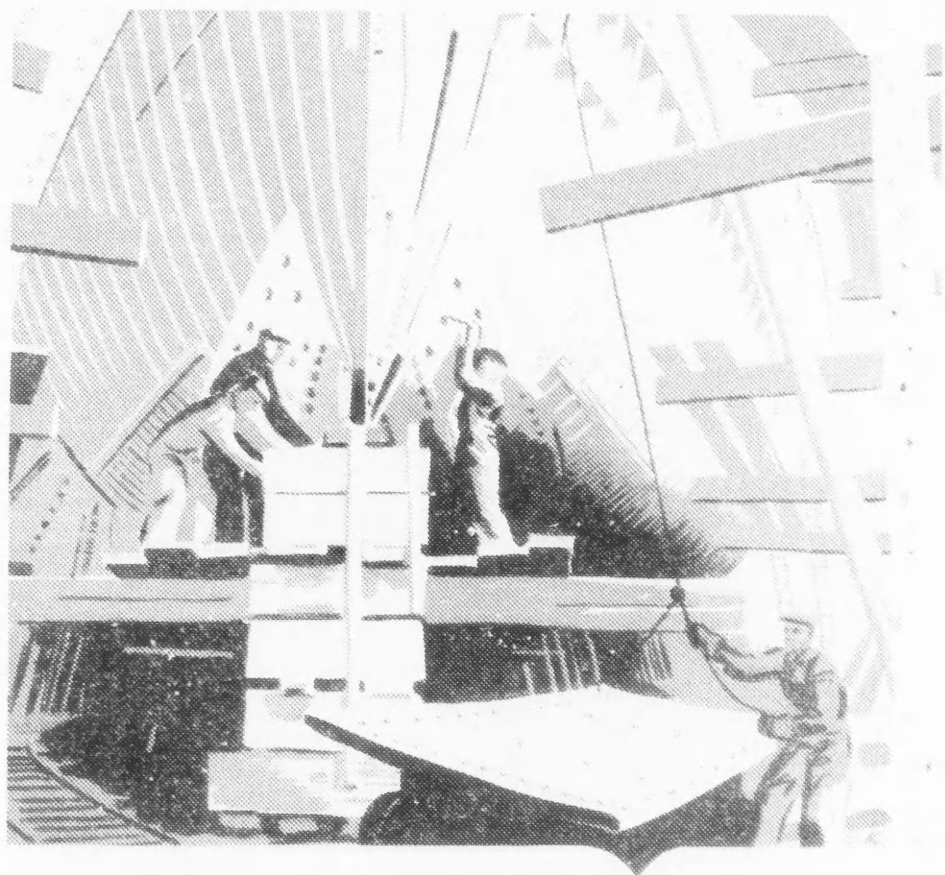
is expected to be completed on the Thompson-Landmark property in the Yellowknife gold area. A line for the transmission of hydroelectric energy has been completed to the property from the plant of Con. Mining & Smelting Company at Frodo-Lake.

Preston East Dottle reported an output of \$285,797 in the five months ended May 31st. The ore yielded an average of \$12.95 per ton compared with \$13.13 in the first five months of the preceding year.

Development of the archbodies of Steep Rock Iron Mines continues to command consideration. Should the Ontario government find it possible to cooperate to the extent of providing hydroelectric power, one of the serious hurdles could be cleared. This is associated to some extent with the big task of dewatering Steep Rock Lake itself which lies astride the bodies of iron ore.

Copper consumption in the United States rose to 141,800 tons during May. In the meantime, domestic stocks of refined metal declined to 25,000 tons, or a mere 19 days ahead of current rate of consumption.

Levon Gold Mines produced \$160,478 during May. The mill is treating an average of 400 tons daily and the ore is grading around \$12.70 per ton. The scale of operations and results established have been remarkably uniform over the past two years.



Thrift **BUILDS SHIPS!**

Where does the money come from to wage this War—to build the ships, the planes and tanks we need to "finish the job?"

Much of it comes from the savings of ordinary men and women—the thrifty people of Canada—the savers. These are the people who buy Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates, who pay their War Taxes on the nail. Never before has personal thrift been so vitally necessary. Watch your spending. Every dollar you can save is needed now to arm and equip our fighting forces—to win this War.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

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This photo of airplane spotters was taken in complete darkness in front of the City Hall during Toronto's blackout last week. A flash bulb, screened by an infra red filter was used. The focussing was done without light of any kind and was further complicated by the fact that infra red rays, being of longer wave length, focus differently than visible rays.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

CANADA MACHINERY

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some of the common stock of Canada Machinery Corporation and would like to know whether you think I should hang onto it. What is the outlook for the company?

S. C. T., Fort William, Ont.

That for the duration of the war at least it will be extremely busy. The company's business—it manufactures wood and iron working tools and steam specialties—has boomed since the beginning of the war, and in the year ended January 31, 1941, sales reached a new record and a substantial volume of business was carried forward into the current year. Business of the Sandilands Valve Manufacturing Company, a subsidiary, has also been healthy.

So that the common stock looks like an attractive wartime speculation; especially so in the light of the recent 50-cents-per-share dividend declaration to be paid on June 28.

As at January 31, 1941, there were only 137 shares of the 7 per cent preferred outstanding and a dividend of \$7 per share was declared, payable on June 28 which will take care of the requirements of the entire issue. You will remember that when \$650,000 of first mortgage bonds and convertible notes was offered late in 1940 it was stated that proceeds would be mainly applied to retire the 5,713 shares of preferred stock then outstanding.

Net profit in the fiscal year ended January 31, 1941, was equal to \$3.65 per common share, against earnings of \$2.10 in 1940 and a deficit of \$3.89 in 1939.

NEW GOLDEN ROSE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Any information you can give me as to prospects for New Golden Rose will be appreciated. I paid close to a dollar some years ago for the shares and am wondering if the present bid of only one cent means that I can say good-bye to my investment?

E. M. T., Nelson, B.C.

The prospects for recovery of your investment in New Golden Rose do not appear very bright. As pointed out in the annual statement issued in March, no new ore was encountered or indicated by development or diamond drilling in 1940, and the ore position, both as to grade and tonnage, was described as decidedly unsatisfactory.

The company is expanding its development and exploration work in a final search for new ore and it is believed this will exhaust all ore possibilities not yet investigated. If the

results of this work in various parts of the property do not meet with success it is doubtful if further exploration would be carried out and the property in all probability will be closed down. The proposed program which was announced a couple of months ago is expected to be completed in three or four months.

At the end of 1940 the company had current assets, mostly stores, of \$43,445. Current liabilities totalled \$1,256,355, made up of loan and interest due Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co., which holds control. This represents money spent by Smelters in developing the property and equipping it with a 100-ton mill.

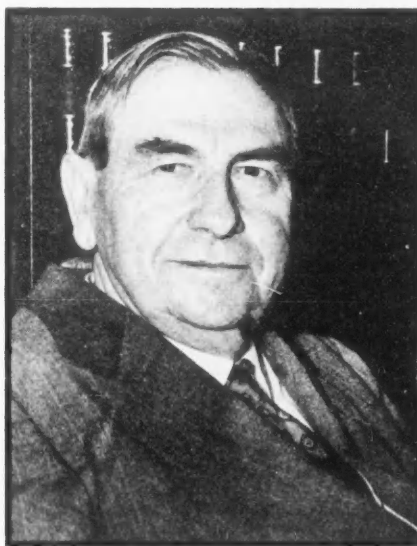
UPPER CANADA

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Have you any information as to the progress and outlook of Upper Canada Mines?

F. J. B., Fredericton, N.B.

Upper Canada will shortly increase mill capacity and a daily rate of 450 tons has been mentioned. A new shaft is being sunk about 3,200 feet west of the No. 1 shaft, close to the easterly boundary of the extreme westerly claim, and close to the Brock Gold property. Officials are of the opinion they have a new mine in the section toward the northeast corner of the Brock and the new shaft has been sited with a view to the most economical development of the ore indicated by diamond drilling.



Harlan Fiske Stone, 68, who last week was appointed Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court to succeed Charles Evans Hughes, who retired.

J. P. LANGLEY & CO.
C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake



WAR CALLS FOR THRIFT

When the government wartime programme calls for money, be prepared. Be in a position to write your cheque. Have a balance in your savings account constantly growing. Open an account with the Canada Permanent and make deposits regularly and systematically.

2% on Savings—Safety
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CANADA PERMANENT
Mortgage Corporation
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed \$67,000,000.

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of \$1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on or after

1ST JULY 1941

to Shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 14th instant.

By order of the Board,
WALTER GILLESPIE,
5th June 1941, Manager

McIntyre Porcupine Mines LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 93.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of fifty-five and one-half cents (55½c) per share in Canadian currency will be paid on September 2, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business August 1, 1941.

By Order of the Board.

BALMER NEILSON,

Treas.

Dated at Toronto, June 26, 1941

National Steel Car Corporation LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share has been declared, payable July 15th, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business, June 1st, 1941.

By order of the Board,

CHAS. W. ADAMS,

Secretary

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 218

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July 1941 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Friday, 1st August next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th June 1941. The dividend books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

A. E. ARSCOTT,

General Manager

Toronto, 20th June 1941.

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June 20, 1941

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A. E. ARSCOTT,
General Manager

1941

GOLD & DROSS

STEDMAN BROS.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please give me your opinion of Stedman Brothers, Limited, preferred stock. Also, if you can tell me how the company is doing this year, I would greatly appreciate it.

C. V. S., Annapolis Royal, N.S.

The preferred stock of Stedman Brothers, Limited has appeal at the present market for income; its appreciation possibilities are, I think, limited.

The company is currently enjoying one of the best years in its history with sales to date in 1941 substantially above those of the corresponding period in 1940, and with profits, before provision for taxes, proportionately higher than the increase in volume. Since the end of 1940, eight new stores have been opened, which brings the total to 69, and I understand that another new store will be opened on Eglinton Avenue in Toronto early in July.

Net income in the year ended December 31, 1940, was \$274,665, equal to \$45.78 on the preferred stock, as compared with a net of \$341,625 in 1939 and preferred earnings of \$56.94 per share. The financial position is satisfactory.

Stedman Brothers, Limited, operates a chain of smallware stores mostly in Ontario and the Maritimes, as well as a wholesale department supplying the company's retail stores and independent merchants. The increased purchasing power which should make itself felt across Canada as wartime impetus hits business should benefit the company.

SULLIVAN

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Is there anything wrong with Sullivan Consolidated Mines? I heard of developments at depth were excellent and now I learn my next dividend will be lower. Your comments will be gratefully received.

A. F., Montreal, Que.

I understand that the reduction in the forthcoming dividend of Sullivan Consolidated Mines from three cents to 2½ cents is due to the fact that the company has had some unusually heavy expenditures and not any troubles minewise. The heavy expenses included provision of \$90,000 for purchase of additional mining concessions contiguous to the main Sullivan holdings, cost of increasing mill capacity and deepening the No. 2 shaft. In addition to these, taxes are higher, salaries have been increased and a war bonus paid to employees.

One development on the five new veins below the sixth horizon have been sufficiently encouraging to increase the daily milling rate to between 450 and 500 tons and the new mill will become effective some time in September. At the higher ore reserves as at March 31 are sufficient for more than two years' mill requirements. Ore reserves are reported as showing a much larger tonnage on the lower levels. The increased production is expected to more than offset higher taxes and costs, and should assure continuation of a good yield.

Penmans Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of July, 1941.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent (1½%), payable on the 1st day of August to Shareholders of record of the 21st day of July, 1941.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (\$0.75) per share, payable on the 15th day of August to Shareholders of record of the 5th day of August, 1941.

By Order of the Board.

Montreal. C. B. ROBINSON,
June 23, 1941. Secretary-Treasurer.

Provincial Paper Limited

NOTICE is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 1½% on Preferred Stock has been declared by PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED, payable July 2nd, 1941 to Shareholders of record at close of business June 14th, 1941, in Canada Funds.

(Signed) W. S. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.



TO SAVE OURSELVES A HEADACHE

IMPERIAL OIL

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Lately I've heard rumors that Imperial Oil is an indirect contributor to some big German company in the United States. I wonder if you could tell me about this. I'm sure it's not true, but I'd like to know anything you have on it.

C. A. L., Toronto, Ont.

No doubt the rumor you have been hearing goes something like this: that Imperial oil was contributing indirectly to I. G. Farbenindustrie—a German chemical organization which recently received the unflattering attention of the U.S. government through its association with Standard Oil of New Jersey; that dividends paid to the parent company were finding their way into the German company's hands, for the latter was reputed to be a large shareholder in Standard Oil.

Actually, the facts are as follows: some years ago Standard Oil acquired patent rights from I. G. Farbenindustrie on a hydrogenation process for which it paid 2.2 per cent of its outstanding capital stock, or some 600,130 shares. However, since that time a large part of this stock has been disposed of and the amount remaining in the German company's

hands is equivalent only to 0.6 per cent of the outstanding stock, or some 163,571 shares of the current outstanding capital stock which would have a market value of slightly more than \$6,000,000.

Incidentally, the patent rights acquired by Standard Oil from Farbenindustrie have proven of growing value in connection with the American defence effort, for the processes for the production of toluol and synthetic rubber from petroleum were developed from them.

INVESTOR'S MANUAL

THE fifteenth annual edition of the Financial Post's Survey of Corporate Securities, just issued, is a handy and useful manual for investors in Canadian securities, giving details of some 1,500 Canadian companies whose securities are in the hands of the public.

It records earnings for the past three years and gives provisions of bond and stock issues of each company. The price range of Canadian corporation securities for the past eight years is shown in a convenient table. The Survey is published by the Maclean Publishing Company, Limited, of Montreal and Toronto, and sells at \$2.00.



A fortnight ago, 750 miles off the British port of Freetown, Africa, the American freighter "Robin Moor", which carried no cargo of a military nature, was sunk by a submarine with the picture of a "laughing cow" on her conning tower. From the device, the submarine was identified as a Nazi U-boat, of the type shown here entering her home base. Commander of the submarine in the picture is Captain Lieutenant Lemp who is credited with having sunk 47,000 tons of shipping to January 10, 1940. The "Robin Moor" was the first United States ship to be sunk by "enemy" action during this War and her sinking has been defiantly admitted by Berlin. If the war on neutral shipping continues, the U.S. will have to keep her ships tied up or keep them on the seas by force.



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BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of New York stock market prices was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12 but is now undergoing test as to continuation.

CONDITIONS PREFACING MARKET REVERSAL

Declines in stock prices are followed, at some point, by reverse movements canceling a portion—normally ¾ to ⅝—of the decline. If the market's main or major direction is still downward, stocks, following this automatic rebound, resume the decline, with volume picking up, and new lows eventually are reached, followed, sooner or later, by another ¾ to ⅝ technical rebound. At some point in the main downward movement however, stocks, after one of these (or technical rallies, refuse, on succeeding weakness, to go into new low ground and subsequently they rally to levels above those attained on the preceding rally. Such procedure indicates a reversal in the market's main direction from "down" to "up."

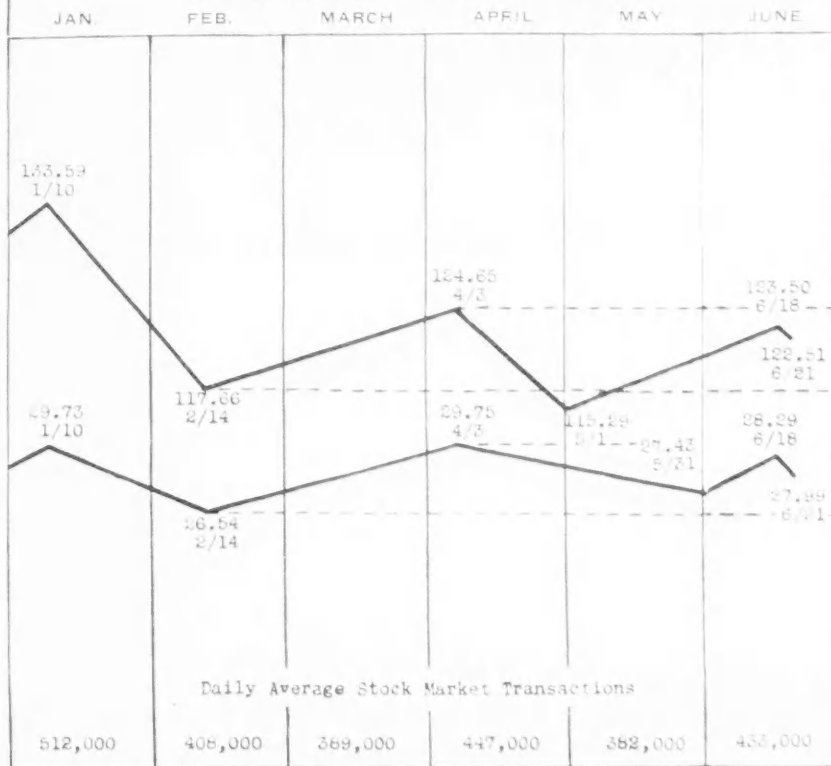
REVERSAL MAY NOW BE UNDER WAY

There are indications, discussed in earlier Forecasts, that such a reversal in trend may now be under way in the New York market. Between June and November, 1940, the market rallied some 25½% canceling around ¾ of the main decline running from April to June, 1940. The subsequent weakness from November into April 1941 failed, however, to carry prices below last year's extreme low points. Furthermore, as this November/April decline proceeded, volume of trading grew smaller, this despite the fact that various dismal foreign and domestic news developments over the period were conducive to public selling of stocks. This recent and current significant action of the market will be confirmed, and a major uptrend signalled, if the market, as reflected by the Dow-Jones rail and industrial averages, can, over the weeks ahead, develop strength carrying above the November 1940 peaks, Industrials 138.12, Rails 30.25.

LINE FORMATION OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Of considerable importance, in connection with the market's main direction, is the horizontal range, or line formation, that has now been running for somewhat over four months. During this period the two averages have refused to jointly break either the low points of February or the high points of April. Lines gain significance in direct ratio to their duration. A decisive upside penetration, at an early date, by both averages, of April highs, (as would be indicated by closes in both the rail and industrial averages at or above 30.76 and 125.66 respectively), would strongly suggest that the higher November rally points would eventually be broken. Downside penetration of the line, to the contrary, as would be indicated by closes in both averages at or under 25.53 and 114.29, would suggest an immediate test of the 1940 low points.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



ABOUT INSURANCE

What Is This Lloyd's Insurance?

BY GEORGE GILBERT

ALTHOUGH the non-marine underwriters at Lloyd's, London, Eng., have been operating under Provincial license in various Provinces of Canada for several years, in Ontario since November 30, 1934, and have built up a substantial insurance business in this country in 1939 their net written premiums in the Dominion amounted to \$6,251,251, of which \$3,003,880 was written in Ontario there is apparently still a good deal of confusion in the minds of some people as to just what Lloyd's is and what functions it performs in the insurance world.

Most persons know that a Stock Exchange is a market place where the members buy and sell stocks for their customers. In the same way, Lloyd's, London, is an institution where the underwriting members are engaged in business not as a group but as individual insurers of risks from all over the world submitted to them for acceptance or rejection by certain brokers known as Lloyd's brokers. All risks must come to them through a Lloyd's broker.

In order to get a clear picture of this unique institution, Lloyd's, Lon-

Most people have read or heard about Lloyd's of London as an institution where every kind of insurance besides marine insurance is now transacted and where a great variety of risks from all over the world are underwritten.

But evidently there is still a good deal of uncertainty in the minds of many persons as to just what Lloyd's is, how it is constituted, how it operates in the insurance field, the security it affords policyholders, and the collectability of claims arising under its contracts.

don, it is necessary to know something of its historical background. When the great fire of London in 1666 destroyed four-fifths of the city, a section near the Tower of London was saved, and in that section stood a coffee house kept by one Edward Lloyd.

In the year 1688 Lloyd's place was known as a resort where ship captains, merchants and underwriters foregathered to transact their business. But as time went on it became more and more known as a centre for marine underwriting, where the underwriters carried on their busi-

ness as individual insurers, "each for his own part and not for another," as the policy wording had it then, and still has it today, for the principle of several and not joint liability is still in existence.

In 1691 Lloyd moved to new premises near the Royal Exchange, where he remained until his death in 1712. As Lloyd's place came to be recognized as a business centre not only for the insurance of ships but also for their purchase and sale, there was established in connection with it a system for the collection of shipping news, which led to the publica-

tion in 1734 of a daily paper called *Lloyd's List*. This daily paper has been continued ever since, and is still printed in Lloyd's present building.

After passing through various changes Lloyd's was incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1871. This Act provided for the carrying on of marine insurance only at Lloyd's, but gradually it became the practice to transact other classes of insurance there as well, and this "non-marine" business, as it is called, grew so rapidly that in 1911 a new Act was obtained which permitted underwriting members at Lloyd's to carry on insurance business of every description. The non-marine business transacted at Lloyd's is now greater than the marine business.

System of Guarantees

In 1858, before Lloyd's was incorporated, the underwriting members instituted a system of guarantees which required that each underwriter's solvency up to a certain fixed amount should be guaranteed by a person of substance. Then in 1866 this system was extended by the requirement of cash deposits with the Committee of Lloyd's, as well as guarantees, and this continued until 1887, when it was made compulsory to deposit £5,000 with the Committee as security for his underwriting liabilities before any underwriter could carry on business at Lloyd's.

Since then the system of deposits and guarantees has been further extended. All underwriting members now elected have to deposit with the Committee of Lloyd's such security for their underwriting liabilities as the Committee in its discretion may deem it fitting to require. The minimum deposit is £5,000. If fire, accident, automobile and other non-marine insurances are accepted, additional deposits are required, according to the volume of business transacted.

Other safeguards have also been adopted by the Committee of Lloyd's. Every underwriter at Lloyd's, before his election as an underwriting member, must satisfy the Committee that he possesses means adequate for the underwriting business in which he proposes to engage. Every underwriter is liable for his underwriting debts to the full extent of his means.

Every underwriter must also deposit the whole of the yearly premiums received by him in a Trust Fund for the payment of his underwriting liabilities and expenses, and the ascertained profits are to be released to the underwriter only with the consent and approval of the Trustees. Every underwriter must likewise submit his accounts annually to an examination which is called "The Audit," and which is an inquiry not merely to check the correctness of the balances and to certify to the solvency of the underwriter but to ascertain if his underwriting funds at current values are sufficient, apart from his private resources, to meet his underwriting liabilities. If they are not, he must either replenish the funds from his private means or cease underwriting at Lloyd's.

No Corporate Liability

Although Lloyd's members are incorporated as an association or society, there is no corporate liability in connection with Lloyd's insurance policies; that is to say, the funds of the association are not available to meet underwriting deficits. No action lies against Lloyd's at the suit of the insured in respect of the failure of a Lloyd's underwriter to make payment under a Lloyd's policy. Another point to be remembered is that neither the Lloyd's broker nor any person introducing the business to the Lloyd's broker is in any sense an agent of the Lloyd's underwriter, and his knowledge of material facts is not to be imputed to the underwriter.

There is no provision in our Dominion insurance law for the licensing of Lloyd's underwriters, but there is such provision in our Provincial insurance laws, and under these laws Lloyd's non-marine underwriters have been licensed in several Provinces. While under our Provincial laws they are not required to



Kenneth Thom, of Toronto, who was elected president of the Canadian Underwriters' Association at the annual meeting of the Association in Montreal.



Adam McBride, of Montreal, who was elected vice-president and chairman of the Automobile Branch at the annual meeting of the Association in Montreal.



D. K. MacDonald, of Montreal, who was elected vice-president and chairman of the Casualty Branch of the Canadian Underwriters' Association at the annual meeting of the Association in Montreal.



E. W. Ballard, of Toronto, who was elected vice-president and chairman of the Fire Branch of the Canadian Underwriters' Association at the annual meeting of the Association in Montreal.

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make a Government deposit for the protection of policyholders, they have made voluntary deposits with five Provinces as follows: New Brunswick, \$25,000; Quebec, \$50,000; Ontario, \$50,000; Saskatchewan, \$25,000; Alberta, \$25,000. They have also made a deposit of about \$6,800,000 with the Bank of Canada to facilitate payment of claims in Canada in the event of an emergency arising which would make it impossible for settlements to be made through the usual channels.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

My wife has \$4,000 endowment insurance—\$2,000 with New York Life and \$2,000 with Connecticut Mutual—taken out while residing in New York State. What would be the result, roughly speaking, if she took the cash surrender value of these policies and invested it in a Dominion Government annuity, the payments to begin at the end of fifteen years from now and to continue for a guaranteed period of fifteen years? Her age is 44 years, and the policies are about

half paid for. The premiums now amount to a little over \$100 a year, while originally they came to \$150, the reduction being due to profits.

—G. M. D., Calgary, Alta.

I do not believe it would be advisable for your wife to take the cash value of her policies and use the money for the purchase of a Government annuity until such time as the provision of an immediate income becomes of more importance than the provision of a larger income in the future, as the most value for the money paid in can be obtained by carrying the policies through to maturity.

At age 44, each \$1,000 paid the Government would purchase a deferred annuity of \$127.99 a year, payable in monthly or quarterly installments as desired, the payments to commence at age 60 and to continue for the rest of her life however long she lived, and to be paid for 15 years in any event, so that should she not survive the 15-year period the remainder of the payments would go to her heirs. Should she die before reaching age 60, the amount paid in, together with 4 per cent. compound interest, would be returned to her heirs.

Anglo-U.S. Union

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

(Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London)

Union between the United States and Great Britain after the war should be more than just an ideal, says Gilbert Layton. Political and social union presents difficulties of a highly explosive nature.

But economic union is quite feasible, for already the basis has been laid in the Lease-Lend Act.

ON ONE never-to-be-forgotten occasion, Britain's Prime Minister offered the people of France full union with the English people. What does this mean, this offering to interchange national rights and to achieve what must amount to a political, social and economic identity? The question is underlined in its greatest significance by the strongly-supported proposal for a union between the democracy of the U.S.A. and the democracy of Great Britain, of which Mr. Clarence Streit is the most vociferous supporter.

The first thing to be said about union of this sort, if union is to be something more than a word, is that it must not be something attached to the lives of the two nations by the compulsion of temporary events. It must be something which flowers into an inevitable bloom as a result of the slow, irresistible, growth of similarity between ideals and practices. It is not the job of this article to discuss how far these pre-requisite conditions exist in connection with the Anglo-U.S. proposition, except that it should be said that democracy is not a word which finds a precise interpretation on both sides of the Atlantic. What is clearer, and what does emerge from the proposal as having very large and very natural reference to the unremote future, is that economically speaking a holding of hands across the Atlantic would accord with the qualifications of both parties.

A Harmonious Mosaic

There has in some quarters been apparent some apprehension that Great Britain and the U.S.A. might find themselves rather less in sympathy during the post-war struggle than they do now in this military struggle. No doubt these apprehensions would prove to be entirely unnecessary. Still, it is worth considering.

The United States is not on the broad analysis a natural competitor economically with Great Britain. There are many markets in which the interests of the two countries overlap and where competition is very keen—as in the sphere of cars and machinery of various sorts. But fundamentally America is the great producer, while Great Britain fundamentally is the great finisher. America sends cotton and Lancashire finishes it and sends it to the world.



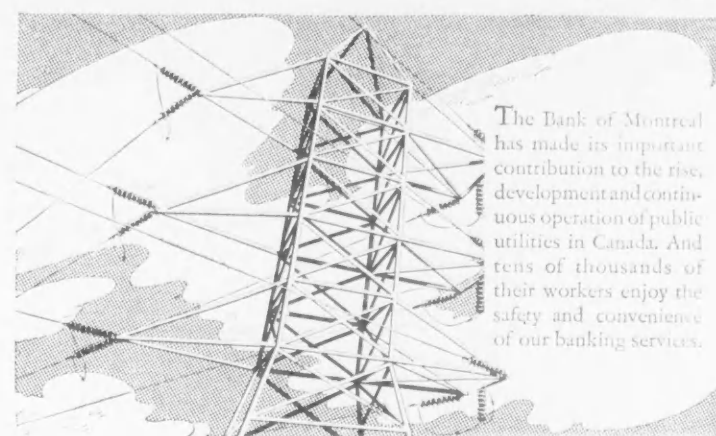
Lockheed Vega employees in the U.S. contributed money from their pay cheques toward a bomber for Britain, named it "Spirit of Lockheed Vega Employees". Here the big bomber, on active service, wheels over a convoy.

America produces oil and Great Britain is unrivalled in the manufacture of many of the types of machinery which use that oil. In the essentials no two countries of similar size and importance could be more fitted for an economic union.

A Mutual Preoccupation

But war introduces something quite new. The United States is in this with Great Britain and if Great Britain requires tanks America will build them; or if she requires aeroplanes America will build them; and America will build guns and make munitions and all the things of which Britain stands in need. And because of this need America is not hesitating to change the very direction of her industrial development. But because of this need also Great Britain has herself perverted the natural ends and means of her industry, so that her preoccupation is with just those things that America's preoccupation is with.

When the war is over guns will be scrap metal and tanks will be ornaments. But there is a very strict limit to the number of ways in which war-forged industry can adjust itself to peacetime requirements, and these limits will operate in both Britain and the U.S. so that it is not impossible that a greater degree of competition will develop between the two economies after the war precisely because of their identity of pur-



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IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA



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pose during the war.

Therefore, it would be a wise thing to think now about the advantages which a really wholehearted economic union might confer. There is a good deal to say against Union, with a capital U, which is all ideal and little else. There is a good deal to be said against arguing from political sympathy the need for political and social union. For in this realm we deal with high explosives which must be handled with the greatest care. It is quite different with economics. There is nothing in superably difficult and there is nothing monstrously suggestive about economic union. The basis is already there in lease and lend and the ground is already prepared for the greatest economic intimacy after the

war by the process of Britain's repayment.

What should be urged now is that the big problem of repayment after the war should not be allowed to come as a half-expected shock to a democratic world which has just achieved its major aim of winning survival from the totalitarian aggressor. The plans must be laid now. We must devise how we shall pay. We must understand the great economic intimacy which will be part and parcel of lease and lend. And we must prepare to make this intercourse a deep and permanent thing and not to allow it to develop the petty attributes of irritation over small things, whereby not only will its whole purpose be frustrated but all its potentialities actually reversed.

Time in Bermuda

BY D. W. BUCHANAN

IN THE theatre, playwrights such as J. B. Priestley have tried with more or less success to portray the idea of the present rushing back to meet the past. The latest such "experiment with time" is far from being merely imaginary and in three acts. You meet up with it instead on the stiff stage of reality.

Mr. Churchill started this particular "time-machine" on its path when he announced in August 1940 that Great Britain in consultation with Canada has decided to give a free grant to the United States of certain areas in the Bermuda Islands. In the welter of publicity which followed this, no one mentioned that Bermuda was an ancient colony with a paternalistic society, eighteenth-century in nature and speed, and that the establishment of important defence works by the United States might mean the inroads of the industrial twentieth

century overnight into an economy which was still, in a vague fashion, semi-feudal.

Yet ever since March 1, 1941, when the first sod for the American bases was turned at Cooper's Island by the English Governor of the colony, exactly such an impact has been taking place. The coming of the army and navy of Uncle Sam, of his engineers, and above all of the first detachments of an influx of skilled and unskilled workers, which may over a period of two years total six thousand men, has meant that the very nineteenth-century of this tumultuous century are now colliding with the static social order of pre-Victorian days.

Property Franchise

Even if only half of the estimated immigration of six thousand workmen from seaboard cities of the United States develops, it is going to form a tidy addition to the present small population of the colony. The Bermuda Islands, some nineteen square miles in extent, and possessing thirty-one thousand inhabitants, are governed, for all practical purposes, by a number of old established families. There is a legislative assembly, but the franchise is limited by property qualifications. Also the balance of power in most local questions lies not so much with the assembly as with the appointed council. In theory, if not in actual fact, this system is similar to what Canadians knew as the "Family Compact" of Upper Canada before 1837. Of the ten thousand whites, many are well-to-do merchants, whose shops and warehouses are inherited ventures and whose homes were built two or three hundred years ago, in the days when slave quarters were part of the ancestral estate. The colored laboring class is descended from such former slaves, or is composed of more recent immigrants from the West Indies.

This merchant class in recent decades has prospered in proportion as the tourist trade has flourished. Paternalism has meant the granting of a fair schooling, but not an advanced education, to the colored folk, while it also has expressed itself in a polite, well adjusted, relationship between black man and white man. The color bar has remained but it has been neither overly crude nor harsh. Its rigidities have been softened, and with some charm, much in the same way as in the landscape the rough coral reefs mingle gentle with the bright waters that lap the beaches.

Industrialism Arrives

Since the spring of 1941 time, however, has telescoped its way forward. A steady stream of cargo ships, bringing construction supplies for the bases, began to enter the harbors. Impact of the twentieth century was an obstinate strike of dock laborers. There was no legislation permitting trade unions, but the colored workmen formed spontaneously an association to promote a demand for increased wages. They refused to unload one of the supply boats. It took about three days to reach an agreement, which was mainly in favor of the strikers. Second item was the reaction, the recoil as it were, of the eighteenth century to this blow dealt by the twentieth. This was the announcement that the American contractors had decided to accept the wage scales, defined by the colonial labor supply board, as the ones that would apply whenever Bermudians were hired on defence projects. This apparent ceiling on wages will perhaps continue as long as unskilled help does not have to be imported from the United States. When that day arrives a new battle over rates of pay probably will arise.

In May a resolution to legalize trade unions was defeated in the assembly. On the other hand bills

establishing minimum wages and workmen's compensation may win out. As for the unions, one honorable member of the assembly stated that Bermudians might be able to join the A.F. of L. or the C.I.O. when they worked in the base areas controlled by the United States but they certainly weren't going to be able to belong to them when they took jobs across the road outside the boundaries of the bases! Here the time machine became thoroughly confused in its intermeshing of gears.

Another local anachronism is the absence of income tax. Customs dues and many indirect taxes and licenses are the rule instead. The Bermudian representatives at the base discussions in London accordingly protested when Washington insisted that materials and supplies entering the defence areas from the United States be exempt from duty. But Washington won its point. On the other hand, Americans who come to work on the projects pay their income taxes as usual to Uncle Sam, while their neighbors, the Bermudians, continue to live blissfully in ignorance, or rather with one eye shut to the knowledge, of such scientific modernities as a government levy on income.

To Head Exchange

NEW President of the Toronto Stock Exchange is T. A. Richardson of F. O'Hearn and Company, elected by acclamation. He succeeds Gordon R. Bongard of Bongard and Company whose term of office expires at the annual meeting on June 26.

The new president has been a member of the Committee for a number of years and last year served as vice-president. Originally on the Committee of the old Standard Stock and Mining Exchange, he became senior partner of F. O'Hearn & Company upon retirement of Mr. O'Hearn from the business. He has had a long experience in brokerage and banking activities.

Other officers also elected by acclamation are Wilfrid G. Malcolm of A. E. Ames & Co., vice-president; Hector M. Chisholm of Hector M. Chisholm & Co., secretary and C. F. W. Burns, of Burns Brothers & Co., treasurer.

According to custom for retiring presidents, Mr. Bongard did not stand for re-election but will remain a member of the Managing Committee.



T. A. RICHARDSON

Other Committee members, all re-elected, are J. Harold Crang, Frederick J. Crawford, T. H. Roadhouse, J. B. White and E. Gordon Wills.



F. P. L. Lane, vice-president, Imperial Tobacco Company, of Canada, Limited, who was recently elected second vice-president of Canadian Manufacturers Association.



E. C. Grimley, president of RCA Victor Company Limited, Montreal, who has been elected to the presidency of the Radio Manufacturers Association.



M. S. Brooks, who has been appointed assistant to K. B. Elliott, vice president in charge of sales of the Studebaker Corporation, with which company he has been employed for 15 years.



OVENS

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